

DECEPTIO VISUS:
OR
SEEING
AND
BELIEVING
ARE
Two Things.

A Pleasant
SPANISH History,
Faithfully Translated,

In Two Books.

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DECEPTIO VISUS.

OR

Seeing and Beleiving
Are Two Things.

Spanish History.

The First Book.

BEfore *Spain* was Composed of so many Provinces (which the Monarks of that Countrey (affecting multiplicity of Crownes) call Kingdomes) *Iohn* the second, King of *Castile*, (having lived as long as in Nature he could expect) had dyed without any memorable Action, had he not resolved

ved to Æternize his name without any
 great hazard; and that was by Arre-
 sting his Constable, who experimen-
 ted to his cost, how short a journey it
 was from the Kings Cabiner, to his
 Scaffold. This Constable (who was
 called *Don Aluare de Lune*, and whose
 Mother had ordered things so, that he
 was ignorant who was his Father)
 might have been however as happy as
 one that was Legitimate, had he not
 been blinded by his Ambition. My
 opinion is, he was a man of parts, for
 the Favourite of a King, is never the
 work of Fortune alone, and whoever
 has the happiness to be born to that Ho-
 nour, has alwaies some qualification
 to recommend him to his Prince. But
 favour and envy being inseperable com-
 panions, and the caresses of Kings being
 intrinsically so pretious, as to make all
 people emulate who arrive not at that
 honour, *Don Aluare de Lune* (who was
 more absolute then his Master) con-
 tracted the Odium of the Grandees,
 and gave occasion of Conspiracy against
 his Fortunes to such as esteemd him of
 less merit then themselves. The King
 of

of *Arragon* (who was Uncle, and Tutor to the King of *Castile*) had three sons, the Eldest (who succeeded in the place of his deceas'd Father) thundred out his displeasure against the Grandeur of the Constable; the second (who in right of his wife was King of *Navarr*, and nam'd *Innocent*) was his profest Enemy; And the third, (married to the King of *Castiles* Sister, and without vanity one of the briskest, and most active young Princes in his time) by open force attempted against his life. These three Potent Adversaries, created him many others, and by degrees so blackn'd him in his Reputation, that at length the King (being weary of the Warrs which the Constable had occasion'd) thought him higher by the head then was fitting, and caus'd it to be cut off, as if he had been to accomplish his Horoscope, which threatned him with that ensuing disaster: No sooner had his Head and his Shoulders taken their leaves, but *Castile* (which before was divided into Factions) was immediately united, a calme succeeded the disorders which had reign'd, and two months

repose, extinguish'd the memory of twenty years troubles.

During the time of the Warr, *Love* (which had no opportunity to declare it self to those who prefer'd honour before it) began to look about and endeavour the redemption of the long time had been lost. *Don Diego de Shuniga* (grand *Alcazar* to his *Castellane* Majesty, and much in his favour upon the vigorous execution of his Commission for the Arresting of the Constable) was one of the most considerable persons in that Court, and besides the greatness of his Quality, had a fair Estate to maintain it : He was as handsome a man as a *Spaniard* can naturally be, he had a stiff lank head of hair hanging down to the middle of his back, (and undoubtedly he would every night have turn'd it up under his Cap, had not the hair of that Country had an universal indisposition to curling) which made him admired by the Ladies. His Eyes were quick, and lively, his Mouth neither too big, nor too little, his Teeth neither white, nor black, his Nose being of a Competent length was propitious enough, the whole mold of his Face was indifferent

indifferent well ; and for a *Castellane* ; he was but moderately Tawny ; His father the Count *de Plaisance*, who (unless he could over reach death , which is seldom deceiv'd) was of an age to look about him, and to think of changing this world for another , least the Family of the *Stunigas* should fail, resolv'd to Marry him to the Marquess of *Santillanes* Daughter, who in all probability would be glad to propagate his posterity : But his deliberation was too long before he mention'd it to him : *Don Diego* had not patience to attend the Commands of his Father in the disposing of his affections, he had presented them long ago, without thinking himself oblig'd to trouble his head with any such formality, and with how much the less pain he had granted him his permission, the more perplexity it would have given him to reassume them. *Blanche de Pimentel* the Daughter of the Count *de Benevent* , had not given him leisure to go to his Father the Count *de Plaisance* with his Petition : This was the greatest surprize of liberty that ever was known, to see her, was to be immediately inamoured , but of all the Ser-

vants she had, *Don Diego* was the only man who loved not for nothing. She had as fond a folly for him, as he had for her : and it being reciprocal, they pass their time so contented and merry, they would not have chang'd it with wisdom it self, without money to boot.

Among the crowd of his Servants, *Blanche* had one of an antienter date than *Don Diego*, for whom she had a hankering formerly, and it might have grown up to an affection, had not *Don Diego* supplanted it. This Gallant who had got very near her heart, but could never get in, was called *Don Luis de Moncade*, and had a Sister extraordinarily handsome which he had promis'd to *Francisco de Medina* (a covetous Rascal that denied himself even necessities) without enquiring so much as whether she lik'd him or not. *Eloire de Moncade* knowing very well that her Brother *Don Luis* had as much power over her as he would please to assume, and having none of her Relations left, he was to supply the place of them all, she was less offended with him for his impertinent promise, than with her Sweet heart, whose design was

to make his advantages thereby. But *Francisco* having an indispensable occasion into *Italy*, to possess himself of an Estate an Uncle of his had left him, who as his intelligence assured him was departed with all the formalities both of Physician and Confessor, *Elvira* dissembled the aversion she had for him, and resolved to imploy her time so well in his absence, it should be no fault of hers if he found her not Married at his return. The day of his departure arriving, the Cavalier resolv'd to do all things in order, and to take his leave formally of his Mistress. He went to make her a visit in a Suit made originally for the Town, but transmogrified for riding (for least the *Spanish* mode should alter and leave him in the lurch, he never had but one.) Being satisfied that *Elvira's* Brother would not fail to acquaint her how happy she was like to be, and that one day she was to be his, he doubted not but she would look upon him as her Husband *in futuro*, and be extreemly sensible of her loss in his absence. Having saluted her with a Countenance as grave as a Saint. The friendship (says he) which

we have one for another, will not suffer me to leave *Toledo* till I have conjur'd you to bear up couragious against the grief my absence must of necessity give you : I cannot be ignorant that the loss of such a person as I, must have a melancholly influence upon such a person as you ; but *Elvira* let this comfort you, that my journey is taken upon very good grounds ; an Uncle of mine (which God Almighty gave me, and has most graciously been pleas'd to take again to himself) has made me his Heir, and left me four thousand Duckets : You know I have as much already of my own, and when both these Sums are joyn'd to five thousand I am to have in Marriage with you (for I will not bate you a farthing) we may easily lay up 10000 a year, which by continual multiplication will in twenty years time amount to no inconsiderable Estate. I must needs declare freely that for my part I am not of the sortith humour of many people in the world, that is, to incommode my self in complement to another. I cannot but laugh at those who have more Gold upon their Backs, than in their Pockets, and did

did I not believe you wise enough to imitate so prudent a Husband, I must deal plainly, you should get one where you could for me. In short, *Elvira* (says he) I do not court you with the little tricks and stratagems which other people use, I make you no presents, least by any accident our Marriage should break, and I be forc'd to re-demand them; when you are once my Wife all's your own, you shall be Mistress of my whole Estate, upon condition you spend not a farthing; and to tell you the very bottom of my heart, forasmuch as Children are chargeable to bring up, and cannot be brought into the world without much pain and danger to you, it shall be my particular care you may never have any. Having given him time to utter all these impertinences, *Elvira* who had reason enough for her patience and attention, replied in few words, That she was more affected with his departure, than perhaps he imagin'd; but let me conjure you (says she) by all the love that is betwixt us, to remember, that such Unkles as those dye not every day in the year: That when such windfalls as these happen,

happen, and the Heirs so far off, many things may be conceal'd from him, which would be prevented if he were present : and let me intreat you when once you are in *Italy* to remain there (though it be six moneths longer than you designed) for your advantage and mine, rather than to be obliged to return thither again ; my Brother who engaged to make me worth to you 5000 Duckets *per annum*, has not promis'd you enough to satisfie me ; if he has more wit, than I think he has, he shall find I can be as cunning as he is crafty ; and whilst you are negotiating your affairs where you go, I shall be as diligent as you are at home : As to the Presents you have omitted to make me, in my judgment you have done very discreetly : so many things happen in this life which the wit of man cannot foresee, that the surest way is not to hazard that which one would be troubled to lose : besides if you had given them, I could have valu'd you no more, and to give you Confidence for Confidence ; and to tell you (in your own language) the bottom of my heart, I should be very much troubled if unhappily you had

had captivated it by so dishonorable
away.

Francisco (who was altogether for his own interest, and interpreted all *Elvira* said, to his own advantage, especially that part of her *Harangue*, relating to the 5000 Duckets, he was to have with her) conjur'd her by the vast passion he had for her, to use all her arts to get more if she could, and if her Brother refus'd to do her justice, she should do justice to her self, and convey away privately whatever might be serviceable. He told her that to take from the Brother what did legally belong to the Sister, he had fix'd his eyes upon her Portion, and higgled for her as she had been sold by the Candle. He told her also that the Match had like to have been broke two or three times, because *Don Ruiz* was obstinate in two or three trifles, that if she found her self injur'd in any part of her Estate, she was bound in Conscience to repair her self as she could. *Elvira*, who with the presence of so lovely a Gallant, was abundantly tyred, promis'd him faithfully to forget nothing of her duty, and made him ingage to neglect nothing of his own
and

and to stay (though it were two whole years) in *Italy*, rather than leave any thing behind him, which his Uncle had so carefully laid up, and disposed of so discreetly. This past, *Elvira* wip'd her eyes, and pretended to weep, but *Francisco* snivel'd in earnest, he kiss'd her on both Cheeks, and as he was kissing recommended to her once more not to let another run away with what was properly hers; and *Elvira* let him kiss, because she had a mind to have him gone.

Some seven or eight days after this Gallants departure, *Don Gusman de Haro*, whose ordinary residence was at *Saragosa*, and who was the man in the whole world to whom *Don Ruis* had the most obligation) came to Court in pursuance of his Office as he was Commander of the Order of *Alcantara*: *Don Ruis* (having notice of his Journey, and a desire to acquit himself of the duties he ought him, in the best manner he could) caused the apartment which belong'd to his Sister *Elvira* to be prepared for him, and her to be removed to another next it, into which there was a private door cover'd

ver'd so artificially with the Hangings ;
 it was almost impossible to perceive it.
 And here it is not amiss the Reader
 should understand *Don Gusman* was not
 above five and twenty years of age, that
 he was so well shap'd , he could scarce
 be taken for a *Spaniard* , That he had
 more beauty than is necessary to make a
 man simply handsome, that his head
 was well furnished both without and
 within , That he had a Sword by his
 side, which upon good occasion gave him
 no little defence. So many good quali-
 ties were the cause that *Don Ruiz* (who
 had given out that *Elvira* was gone into
 the Country, and expressly commanded
 her not to appear , to prevent any scan-
 dalous report that might arise upon *Don*
Gusman's being lodg'd near so beautiful a
 Lady) was no better obey'd. The ap-
 prehension *Elvira* had of her Marriage
 with *Francisco de Medina* contributed to
 her kindness for *Gusman de Haro* : and
Iacinta her Maid who was of the hu-
 mour of the rest , and would have done
 her worse service if occasion had been ,
 negotiated most religiously in all her de-
 signs. *Don Gusman* was near a Month
 in

in the house before he had a sight of *Elvira*, but it was not so long before he heard she was engaged : There was so perfect an intimacy betwixt *Don Ruiz* and him, they frequently communicated secrets, and perhaps their memories were so good, there was not one on either side conceal'd. The first which *Don Ruiz* imparted, was, That he was in Love with *Blanche de Pimentel*, and whilst the humour of ratling was upon him, if there had been more than bare love in the case, 'tis believed at that time he had not had the discretion to have conceal'd it. *Elvira* in the mean time who thorow a private Lettice which open'd into the Street, was alwayes peeping upon *Don Gusman*, found him more charming than I have describ'd. And knowing her Brothers hours very well, that he went late to bed, and by consequence was no early riser, she set her subtil *Iacinta* to watch *Don Gusman* one night; though he had never seen her face in his life, yet that was not enough, she must have a Vail too down to her Girdle. Having attended him a full hour in vain, she was upon the point to return, when she perceived him
 marching

marching from a place where all the Gallantry of *Toledo* divert themselves every night. She took the first opportunity to accost him, and taking him aside, told him she was imployed from a Lady of more than Ordinary quality, to desire he would meet her at the place from whence he came, the next morning by that time it was day. Fortune (who in that age had no more hair than she has now, and being once elaps'd, is not easily recovered) was immediatly catcht by the foretop by *Don Gusman* : he deliberated not one moment what he was to do, or if he did, it was only what present he was to give to so grateful an Ambassadors, however at last (after long consultation) he sent her away without any thing, but very good words. He was no sooner at his Lodging, but he sent post for *Don Ruis*, impatient till he had given him a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, and paid him his confidence in his own kind, but he was not to be found that night, and it was no small trouble to our *Nocturnal Adventurer*, to lye all that time with such a secret upon his heart.

A kind of *Barbar* or *Valet de Chamber*,
which

which *Don Gusman* had brought along with him, and imployed him often times in the Offices those creatures are us'd to, was appointed to watch whilst his Master repos'd, if *Cupid* was so favourable as to permit him to sleep: For fear his Lady should wait for him at break of day (not to call it the *Crepusculum* according to the dialect of our Modern Romancers) *Don Gusman* commanded his ingenious *Mandoce* to be sure to wake him when the Clock strook three. *Mandoce* for fear he should happen to sleep, burnt Paper vnder his Nose, when he found himself slumbring, in which manner he kept watching till it was half an hour past two, but then his fuel being spent, he fell so soundly asleep, that had not his snoring wak'd his Master (who wak'd him also by the Ears) without doubt he might have been found in the same posture, when the Clock had struck twelve. But *Iacinta* was not so drowsie, she had wak'd *Elvira* so early, that in spite of all the diligence *Don Gusman* could make, he had the displeasure to find his Mistress first at the place, and *Mandoce* who was commanded to follow him,

him, and slept still as he march'd after his Master, had had his share of his indignation, had he not been diverted by his consideration of the person which attended him: *Elvira* (who was vailed, and had never been seen by *Don Gusman* before) did more execution upon him at first sight, than she could have imagined, the Excellence of her shape imprinted so Amorous a respect in the heart of *Don Gusman*, that he had a furious itch immediately of seeing the rest. I see Madam (says he) after he had made his best reverence, that if you should display all the Charms with which your Ladyship is provided, you suspect I shall not be able to preserve so much command over my self as to remember me of the duties I owe to so great worth as your Ladyships. But *Madam* let me tell you, your apprehension is vain, what ever passion I may have for you, my respect shall be inseparable, and my mouth speaks nothing you would doubt of, did you know the agitations of my heart. If what you say Sir be true (reply'd *Elvira*) and you be as discreet as you appear to be civil, I shall be so free as to acknowledge the trouble

I have given you. So unusual a way of proceeding as mine is, may seem to be in excusable, but when you shall be informed of that which at present it is not possible I should tell you, peradventure you will not condemn me : All I can say now is, That the liberty I take, ought not to make you conceive any thing to my disadvantage. In what I have done there is much of inclination, and something of despair. My quality is not contemptible, and if I may speak it without vanity, my Beauty perhaps sufficient to ingage you further then you were aware, had I the liberty to show it. But I have reasons which forbid me, and you shall know no more, till time has convinc'd me I may trust you securely. Why Madam, reply'd *Don Gusman* very short, (who was already inamour'd of *Elvira* shape by his Eyes, and was entring into a new captivity by his Ear) will you be so cruel as to permit me to see no more than I have done ? I will unvail reply'd *Elvira* very modestly, if you be so unjust as to command it ; but, this day past, you shall never see me again whilst you live, I Command you ! reply'd *Don Gusman*
 in

(in more confusion by *Elvira's* threats, than she was by his desire to see her) in the condition I am in, it would be more easie for me never to see you, and to Sacrifice all the satisfaction the sight of you could give me, than to exact that from you, which you think not proper to permit. I must confess I should have been very happy to have seen you, had you thought it convenient; but since you have reasons to the contrary, I must order my self so as not to desire it, and rather accommodate to what you are pleas'd to prescribe, than you should condescend to what I have so insolently requested. Whilst your sentiments are so honourable (reply'd *Elvira*) I shall endeavour to admit none to your disadvantage. I must leave you Sir, but let me intreat you neither to follow me your self, nor employ any body else; besides that your curiosity will be in vain, I shall never confide in you again, whert as otherwise you may see me here to morrow at the same hour, if the conditions of this day do not discourage you. Could you impose any thing more severe upon me, reply'd *Don Gusman*, nothing should be

able to discourage me. To morrow I shall wait upon you earlier than I have done to day, that I may have the happiness to see you sooner, or at least the pleasure to attend you : And Madam, so far shall I be from following you audaciously, after so strict a prohibition I do ingage not to stir, till you have been an hour at home. All the favour I do most humbly request before I take my leave is, to remember you that the dayes are cruel long, and I have much to suffer before I see you again, endeavour I beseech you to perswade me that you will pity me when I am out of your sight ; when you have made me that promise, it will be in your own power to keep it or not. However vouchsafe me a promise, and do not refuse me a kindness, which will cost you so little trouble, and spare me so much. *Elvira*, who was press'd hard, and afraid to be discover'd, gave him only a Nod as she turned about, and left him to make the construction, and so took her leave without so much as bidding him adiew.

Elvira and *Iacinta* took the direct way to *Toledo*, and made as much hast as they

they could to get thither, whil'st *Don Gusman* took down a great Ally, the more seriously to contemplate the adventure he had met : and his mind was so pre-occupied, and his Meditation in such earnest, that *Mandoce* (who had thrown himself upon a Grass-plot, to finish that Nap his Master had interrupted) had like to have broke his Neck. Two or three good kicks which *Don Gusman* gave him to revenge a little skin his fall had fetch'd off of his shin, prevail'd with him to open his Eyes, but no further then to see who he was to thank for them, so that he was inforc'd to augment his Dose, before he could be brought to himself. When *Don Gusman* (who was over Head and Ears in Love with he know not who) was at the end of his contrivances, he began upon a new score, remembering the promise he had past to his invisible Mistress not to return to *Toledo*, till an hour after her : Sometimes he call'd himself Sor for being so weak as not to have follow'd her; then revolving the hazard he had run of seeing her no more, he was satisfied in point of honour, and appeas'd himself immediately. How a Devil

comes it to pass? (sayes he to himself) I love, but who? I hope, but for what? Most undoubtedly the person I have seen, is a person of Quality, her habit is magnificent, her proportion excellent, her wit most divine, and without question what she conceal'd, is as good as the rest; if my block-headed Servant (and then he turn'd about to *Mandoe*) had had the Brains of a man, instead of lolling and snorting as he did, he had entertain'd the Maid, whilst I was with the Mistress; and she having (probably) no more wit than her Neighbours, some words or other might have fallen from her, and have instructed my ignorance: That which you are so ignorant of (reply'd *Mandoe*) may easily be discover'd, if you will give your self the trouble. And how is it, it may be discovered (said *Don Gusman*) seeing I know not the person I discours'd with, nor never saw her in my life? Yes Sir, you may know her if you will (reply'd *Mandoe*) and the reason why you may easily know her, is because you never saw her: Notwithstanding the Kelps your worship was pleas'd to give, and I pleas'd to receive; I must tell you

you without Complement, that you are
 no ill built man in the body: To see your
 Embroideries and fine Cloths, which you
 change as often as the Kings Steward of
 his Houshold, one would think you richer
 than you are, and that you pay very libe-
 rally for all your Amours, though indeed
 it is God knows how. The Lady which
 came to meet you, and designs you to be
 one of the best of her Cullys - - - - How
 now Rascal, replied *Don Gusman*, inter-
 rupting him, Know that if thou wert
 worth the trouble of knocking thee on
 the head, I would have been reveng'd
 of that insolence before this, and unless
 you speak with more respect for the fu-
 ture, of the most honourable person in
 the world, I shall pass by all conside-
 ration, and put you into a condition of
 talking no more of it whilst you live. I am
 very sensible, reply'd *Mandoce*, I am not
 worth the trouble of being beaten, and
 to let your hand but fall on me, is no
 less than to profane it: But if by way of
 discourse I may be permitted two or
 three words, I would fain know in what
 it is you have found this person so Hono-
 rable: What honour or honesty is there

in setting a Female Sentinel to watch you, who supposing she had got a prize, appointed you a Rendezvous at one in the Morning, when all honest people are a sleep, as you saw I was? Perhaps you will answer in her justification, that she is honest, because she kept her word so exactly, because she was so far from making you wait, she was at the place appointed before you: But she had scarce been so diligent, had she believed she should have been sent back empty handed, and if I may be so bold, (though I was a sleep all the time) I dare lay a wager, she desired to borrow a Sum of Money of you, for your better acquaintance: If it were as you have the baseness to say, reply'd *Don Gusman*, dost thou think (Varlet) I have any thing she might not dispose of: And should not I be oblig'd to her eternally for the great Favour she had done me, in preferring me to so many others who are doubtless ambitious to serve her: Why (said *Mandocce*) would you have lent her money if she had ask'd it? Why (said *Don Gusman*) do you question it? it is abominable in you to entertain such apprehensions: I am not born

to be serviceable, to so amiable a person; and I should flatter my self in vain with so great a happiness, seeing her face is not visible to me.

Mandocce (who for the better convenience of discoursing, desir'd his Master that they might march cheek by jowle as they were, and that no Ceremony might be stood upon in the field) was got before he was aware to the very Gates of the City, when *Don Gusman* recollecting himself, and not holding it fit to be seen in conversation with his man, he commanded him to lay by his Camrader-ship, and return to his backside. *Don Ruiz*, who as it appears, had had no Rendezvous at three in the morning, slept very securely, when his amorous Friend entered into his Chamber, threw ope the Curtains, and told him all the circumstances of his Adventure, except the place where they had met, and the time they were to meet again, which he kept to himself, least his curiosity might be excited, and he become a Rival of a Friend. *Don Gusman*, who had his business to do, which his new love could not make him forget, departed whether he pleas'd, and

Don

Don Ruis overjoyed with what *Don Gus-*
man had told him, and very glad to un-
 derstand her compliance with himself,
 put on his cloths with all speed, repair'd
 directly to his Sisters Chamber, and told
 her the whole Story, word for word as
 his Friend had told, applauding her man-
 ner of life by the by, and observing
 the great difference in his Conduct, from
 other peoples, who hazarded the honour
 of their Families by the liberty they
 took : I will not say *Elvira* was much
 surprized with her Brothers Relation, be-
 cause there is no Reader, let him be as
 dull, and insensible as he will, can have
 so little wit as to doubt it; This I shall
 say and no more, her Resolution was so
 great, she heard her Brother quite out
 without so much as changing her colour;
 When the Brother was weary of com-
 mending his Sister, and the Sister as wea-
 ry to hear his Commendations. *Don Ruis*
 (who by virtue of these Presents had
 wrought himself in with *Beatrix*, *Blanche*
de Pimentels Chamber-maid) went to
 make her a visit, and left *Elvira* and *Ia-*
cinta by themselves : No sooner was he
 out of the Room, but they began to Para-
 phrase

phrase upon the indiscretion of Man, and the kindnesſes they could do them ſometimes, could they be ſecured they would not brag of them when they had done.

In the mean time *Don Diego de Stuniga*, and *Blanche de Pimentell* (of whom I have ſpoke in the beginning of this Hiſtory) were ſo deſperately in love with one another, they were perpetually quarrelling, and yet their quarrels were not ſo perpetual, but they were preſently compoſed. *Don Diego* was ſo damnably afraid of loſing his *Blanche*, and *Blanche* in ſuch a peck of troubles for fear of her dear *Diego*, that they kept continual ſpyes upon one another: Nor could they be a walking together, or at a Ball, or a Play, but if *Blanche* catch'd him peeping upon any other Lady, or he her caſting her *Æliades* upon any body, there was a foul houſe immediately, a hundred ſuſpicions came into their heads, after which follow'd a hundred reproches, after them as many injuries and affronts, after them an abſolute rupture, and at laſt an abſolute reconciliation, *Don Ruiz* who loved alwayes at his own charges, ſtood fairer in
fair

fair *Beatrix* opinion, than *Don Diego* : For *Beatrix* being the depository where her Mistress lay'd her secrets, he paid wel for every one she deliver'd out, and to speak truth more then they were worth to him, for he never had the least advantage by them : Whereas on the other side *Don Diego* knew more than he, and that without any such chargeable Commerce, which indeed he was afraid to entertain, lest *Blanche* coming sometime or other to hear it, should imagine he had a mind to take her in also by the by.

But I pass over the Amours of *Blanche* and *Don Diego*, because the time of their description is not come : I shall enlarge upon them where it is necessary, and dispose of their loves in a more convenient place. I return therefore to the impatient *Don Gusman*, who began to think the hours three times as long as he imagin'd them, though he imagin'd them three times as long as they were. But to let pass no morsel of Morality which presents it self to us, and to make it appear, that man is no sooner in possession of what he desired, but he is instantly as impatient for something else, you must

must know that *Don Gafman* having waited for Sun setting so long, that he began to Swear like a Mad-man, as soon as he was down, was in as much hast to have him rise again, not considering he had come a long Journey, and ought in Conscience to have a little repose : Having quarrel'd over night with the day for shutting in so late, he was as angry in the morning it brake out no sooner : and had he been so well read in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, he would have believ'd the young Gallant had been recreating with *Thesis*, & that the pleasures he found in her Bed, had detain'd him too long ! If I should speak with an Emphasis, and after the Mode of our new Writers, I should tell you that at length *Aurora* defatigated almost with her attendance, having discerned the approach of the Sun (which does usually follow her) gave notice to the world, That illustrious Star was not far off, that with precious tears she had moistned the lap of *Flora*, That the Birds she had awak'd celebrated the approach of the day with the most harmonious consort they were able to make; but not to leave my natural style, I shall only say
char

that *Mandose*, (who was unwilling to have his Ears lengthned any more, and the night before had laid in provision for the next) was so exact now, he no sooner heard the clock strike, but (whip) he went to his Master and wak'd him, (who (poor man) was as yet but hardly asleep) to let him know that the Sun durst not rise, because the Moon was not gone to Bed, however he assured him the Clock had struck three, and he left it to his wisdom what was to be done; The loving Cavalier to recompence the trouble his most obliging Mistress had put upon her self in staying for him before, would sleep no longer, though he had a Months mind to another Nap: he got up therefore by a Candle, call'd for the best Cloths he had, took the same Ruff in which he us'd to wait upon the King, cram'd all the Money he had, into his Breeches, thundred his Equippage together (which if you will have the truth out, was but one man) and away to the place where the fair Lady had appointed. Being a little before her, they began to consider what was to be done; *Don Gusman* was contriving what he should say

say to oblige her to unvail, *Mandoce* on the other side was making his Compliments for the Chamber-Maid, whom his Master had commanded him to entertain with all possible respect. Whilst the one was in his Meditations, and the other at Study, the Clock struck four, and no Lady appear'd : From four to five I am not certain how they spent their time, whether the Master, in his ruminations, the man in his Studies, or both of them in common discourse ; but this I can justify, the Clock struck again, and the Lady as far off as before : Poor *Gusman* harra's'd out with attendance, and want of sleep the last night, grew drowsie before he was aware, and resolv'd to take a touch, he caus'd his *Mandoce* to spread his Cloak upon the grass, and he would lye down upon it, but before he lay down, he commanded him to be vigilant, and not suffer him to be surprized by his Mistress in the posture he was in : *Mandoce* who had the less sleep of the two, and was much better at it, was not long before he follow'd his Example : He laboured what he could to keep himself awake, for he knew his Master would have

slept his last before he had lyen down, had it not been for his confidence in him, to stir himself up therefore, and prevent that which he found growing strongly upon him, he made all possible resistance, to the very pulling himself by the Ears, but it was with more modesty than his Master had done formerly : Well, all was to no purpose, sleep he must, the wit of man could not prevent it, like a discreet man therefore, and one that knew no Reason, why if the Master lyes upon the mans Cloak, the Man may not lye upon the Masters, he fairly displays *Don Gusman's* Embroideries upon the Ground, and then threw himself upon them when he had done, otherwise (thought he) who can promise but they may be stole,) and being lay'd he dispos'd himself immediately to his rest, as having a desire to wake half an hour before his Master: While the one sleeps in peace, and the other snores being disturb'd with the risques of his fortune, it struck six, and seven a Clock before either of them wak'd; much about Eight *Don Gusman* who had lay'd himself out of the shade, was awaken'd by the Sun which shin'd
 perpen-

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able to give any accompt, he fell to work with him again, and shew him the difference betwixt a Lovers indignation, and another mans. *Don Gusman* could not get it into his head that a Person of her Quality would so easily break her word, he thought it more likely that being angry to find them in that posture, she might be gone back in a Luff, and not troubled her self to wake them : upon this opinion he had like to have renewed the battery, and fall upon *Mandoe* again. *Don Gusman* having Elevated his Eyes, stampt his feet upon the Ground, and sworn as bloodily as he had a mind to himself, he snatcht up his Cloak from the ground, and finding the Embroidery not a little bedabled, he turn'd about and forbid his *Mandoe*, not only to follow him, but ever to return again to his house, without finding out some way of expiating his offence, and discovering what was become of that incomparable Person, which was lost at present meerly by his neglect.

Elvira who had seen *Don Gusman* rise, thorow the Lettice I mention'd before, and had the pleasure to see him march in
all

all hast to the appointed Rendezvouze) contented her self only with wishing him a good Journey, and then went to Bed again very discreetly : Besides that she was glad of that opportunity of revenging his imprudence in discovering his Adventure, she apprehended her Brother might possibly be so curious as to watch him himself, and though her kindness for *Don Gusman* was ample enough, yet she judg'd it better to make him wait to no purpose, than to run the hazard of being discover'd in so immodest a design. In the mean time the unfortunate *Mandocce* knew not how to dispose of himself; To go home to his Master till he could give him some tidings in what he was so impatient to know, was as much as his life was worth, he march'd up and down the Streets of *Toledo*, (one of the largest Towns in *Spain*) enquiring of every one he met, if they could direct him to the Lodgings of a certain Lady in a Vayle, whose face he had never seen, whose Country he had never heard, and whose Name he had never known. Having demanded the same thing of several persons who contented themselves to call him

Sot, and laugh at his impertinence, he happen'd unhappily upon a young man coming out of an Academy where he had been losing his Money, the young Bully-rock perswading himself he abus'd him with his Questions, gave him an answer with a cuff in the Ear, which beat him four paces back; *Mandoe* had a good tuff Sword by his side, but wearing it only for Ornament, and to signifie his relation to his Master, he never troubled himself to draw: Two or three persons of the reformed Religion walking by very devoutly, and much scandaliz'd at the stroke he had received, they remembred him of his Sword, and told him it was a proper instrument to revenge such an insolence, but he besecch'd them to meddle with their own affairs, and when they call'd him Coward, he call'd them Hereticks as fast, and protested to God if they left not prating immediately, he would have them all into the Inquisition; it not being permitted to provoke any man to vengeance, who can forget injuries so easily as he.

About a hundred paces from the place of this conflict, *Mandoe* having discry'd
two

two Ladies in a Merchants Shop over the way; and both of them in Vayles, he concluded his business was done, his peace made already with his Master, and all things would do well. Lest he should lose sight of them, he encamp'd just before the Shop, and resolv'd never to leave his Post, till they had left theirs; and as soon as they came forth, to lay them aboard; what so judiciously he had foreseen, came by and by to pass: The good women having made up their Markets, made their Courtesies and went away,) and *Mandoce* taking the alarm, drew out and persued: having follow'd them to the next turning, he spur'd up to her which had the worst Cloaths on, supposing her the Handmaid, for whom he had been preparing of Complements from three a Clock in the morning. The first part of his accost was quarrelling that her Mistress had not been so good as her word, that his Master had waited four hours for her coming, and that having no other employment, he fell into passion with him, and had almost knock'd him in the head: The person with whom he was so busie in his Complaint, nor

knowing what he meant, reply'd he was mistaken, and that she was not the woman; that she neither knew, nor would know any thing of his Master, and that her Mistress was not a person to be got to such a Meeting : You are a Fool, says *Mandoce* and do not know what you say, you are the very Creature that stood Centinel betwixt Eleven and Twelve a Clock the other night, to catch my Master as he went home, and appointed him the place where we met yesterday morning so early, by the same token that whil'st my Master and your Mistress were transacting their affairs, I fell asleep when I should have been entertaining of you : Know Friend, reply'd the person to whom *Mandoce* address'd himself, if you be Drunk, it is no fault of mine, I am weary of your idle discourse : Would I were drunk if I be not, reply'd *Mandoce* again, who had neither eat nor drank that day, but I'll assure you I am not, nor can I promise my self I ever shall be as long as I live ; and for your better assurance, I am able to recount that the other night betwixt Eleven and Twelve, you made the appointment with my Master

ster for the next morning : That yesterday very faithfully you were there before us, and that whilst my Master was Complementing your Mistress, I was a sleep upon the grass (like a great Sot as I was) instead of courting of you : She of the two Women (or rather in the like habits, for to speak truth they were not the same) which had the best prospect, and could see the gesticulations of both thorow her Vayle, would needs know what the matter was, and question'd *Mandocce* how he came acquainted with her Maid.

At this very instant *Don Diego de Stuniga* the profess'd Servant of *Blanche de Pimentel*, who endured her out of his sight as little as he could, and who from a lovv Parlour where he was, imagined it was she who was talking with *Mandocce*, employ'd one of the Cunningest of his Servants to accost him when she was gone, and to bring him in to drink, that by some means or other he might fish out of him to whom he belong'd, and whether he was a Servant to that Lady he spoke to : Whilst he which was chosen by *Don Diego*, was preparing to Execute
his

his Masters commands vvith as much subtilty as he could, *Blanche de Pimentel* (for it vvvas really she) perceiving the Extravagance of *Mandoce*, threaten'd him if he continued his insolence, to have him Cudgel'd to some time; *Mandoce* vvvas not discouraged for all that, but being forc'd to take his leave, he resolv'd to followv at a distance to see vvhere she vvvent in, concluding that news vvould make his peace vvith his Master. Having hous'd her in a short time, and in a remarkable place he vvvas returning vvith great comfort against all his misfortunes, when *Don Diego's* servant, call'd *Ordogno*, crossing the way, pretended some confus'd knowledge of his face, and began to call him Countrey-man, though he had never seen him before. I know not, reply'd *Mandoce*, whether I be your Ceuntrey-man or not, but I'm sure I cannot remember you; Not remember me, says *Ordogno*, I cannot believe it, you cannot forget your friends so easily; and I see now you begin to recollect. I wish, says *Mandoce* you would give me some tokens to rub up my Memory, for the more I look on you, the less

less I know you : If it depends upon that,
 replies the treacherous *Ordogno*, you shall
 know me immediately, Of what Coun-
 try are you I pray ? of *Arragon* reply'd
Mandoce, very right sayes *Ordogno*, but
 see what it is not to see one another a
 while, I had almost forgot you my self,
 your Name i ? *Mandoce* reply'd the
 other : 'tis true indeed *Mandoce*, reply'd
Ordogno, with whom I have so often-----
 But come, we must not part without re-
 newving our old acquaintance : I will treat
 you whil'st I have you, for I would not
 it should be said two friends who had
 so great kindness for one another should
 part with dry lips, and meet only to
 make their Congyes and begon. At the
 very naming of a Treat, *Mandoce* who
 was damnably hungry, and by conse-
 quence, easily convinc'd by such kind of
 Arguments, began to be satisfied pre-
 sently, and did not doubt but he knew
 him, as well as any man in the world :
 His Memory it is true would hardly
 consent, but he thought his gut more
 credible of the two, and therefore fol-
 low'd him as freely, as they had been
 School-boys together. When they had
 drunk

drank pretty well, the pernicious *Ordogno*, whose thoughts were upon his design, put *Mandoce* upon talking as much as he could, and *Mandoce* having naturally the *Palsey* in his tongue, tell a telling him immediately his Masters name was *Don Gusman*, That he was passionately in Love with a Lady whose house he had been finding out, and was parted with her but jult as he met him. That the day before she had met his Master by three a Clock in the morning at a place, she had appointed him by a Maid of hers which understood her Trade admirably well, and that by her own Order his Master had attended her at the same place along time, but she had given him the goeby.

Don Diego needed not so much to set him on fire; *Don Dufman* being a person of considerable quality, was very vwell known to him, And that which enraged him the more, was, that he knew him to be much handsomer than himself, and to have wherewithall to insinuate into any person that was inconstant. Jealousie being the best and readiest way in the world to disturb a mans mind, *Ordogno* had no sooner told him what *Mandoce* had

had discover'd, but it must presently be true; He imagin'd some two or three dayes since he had observ'd more coldness and indifference than usual in his Mistress Carriage, and though he had sufficient testimonies of his of her affection, and could object nothing reasonable against her, yet the consideration that what was told him was not absolutely impossible, was sufficient to give him a disturbance. His first resolution was to repair immediately to *Blanche*, to reproach her by her treachery, and to break with her so as never to be reconciled, but in the way betwixt his house, and *Don Benevents*, he had time to make better reflexions. Whil'st he was in this Case, *Blanche* (who had not seen him that day, and doubted not but he was making his amours with some other handsome Lady,) was as jealous as he, and if she might have an opportunity to chide him, she desir'd no better: The reflexions *Don Diego* made, were no impediment to his Journey, he came at last into her Chamber, and found that his neglect that day had put her into a fury, which she could not conceal; At first his Jealousie (which

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turns every thing to poyson) made him believe it was his presence which put her into disorder, and in the humour he was in, he would have believ'd he should have done his own knowledge much wrong to have interpreted it otherwise. *Blanche* who before she could be good Company again, expected her Servant should Apologize for his neglect, was much concern'd when she found it was not intended, and the anger she had conceiv'd for his not coming before, was redoubled when she saw he scorn'd to excuse it. On the other side *Don Diego*, who was as quicksighted as she, and in mighty dudgeon that nothing fell from her, of all that which lay so heavy at his heart, took that as unkindly, as he had taken the rest, insomuch that whatever she did afterwards, he was sure to pervert, and to apply it to the confirmation of his former opinion. In this posture they were almost half an hour together, and not one word betwixt them, and *Don Diego* who was perfectly Master of his Tongue, and could order it as he pleas'd, could have been contented to have pass'd the whole day in that silence.

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But *Blanche* who was a Woman, and would not choke her self, to do any man a kindness, could not but let fly : She ask'd him what he would have ? he answered very furly, nothing at all : if you would have nothing reply'd *Blanche*, you take your time very ill to make your visits in such humours ; if I were in your place, I would stay at home till they were over, and do my self so much right as not to incommode such persons as are not bound to remove them : You are in the right Madam, replies *Don Diego*, I incommode you without doubt, and if I were in a better, I should do it as much ; my Eyes are not so bad but I could see by the reception you gave me, how unwelcome my visit was. When you do as you ought, reply'd *Blanche*, I receive you as you deserve, and sometimes better ; But when you reserve my visit for the last, and when you come to me only when you can find no other person to entertain you, I easily forget your merits, to think upon my own duty, and cannot receive you so ill, but it is obligation too much. Where have you been all this day I beseech you, to come to give me a visit thus late ?

late? Where were you yesterday Madam, reply'd *Don Diego*, that you went out so early in the Morning? It being at that time the hottest part of the Summer, *Blanche* having been prescrib'd a Bath by her Physicians, thought it fit to conceal it from her Gallant, least he should be importunate to go along with her thither; she was not a little surpriz'd at that Question, nor could she forbear blushing if her life had been at stake, which blush added fuel to his fire, and augmented the Jealousie which he had conceiv'd before. And who is it has given you that speedy intelligence, reply'd *Blanche*? So speedy do you call it Madam, said the impatient *Don Diego*? You confess then you were abroad, seeing you enquire only how I came to know it so soon? Yes, says she, I was abroad; for supposing *Don Diego* had set her, she thought it best not to make a myserie of so innocent a thing. By three a Clock in the Morning I was at the place I design'd, and I had been there again at the same hour to day, had I wak'd a little sooner: She added moreover, I perceive Sir you are a very fine Gentleman to put your

your Spyes upon my Motions ; when I go abroad so early, you may well imagine I have no desire to be seen : Now I find I am not to taste the pleasure I receiv'd yesterday, with so great a tranquillity, I shall fancy perpetually I see either you, or your Scouts attending to give you notice where ever I go ; had you had the least respect or consideration of me, you would have spared me this anxiety, and kept your Intelligencers at home. Fear not Madam, reply'd *Don Diego* very briskly, that I shall disturb those pleasures you are so delighted to take : I know well the confusion my presence will give you, and that after so long, and so tender an affection as has been betwixt us, the fear I should not be able to Master my indignation, must needs give you a constant alarm.---- You have guess'd right, reply'd *Blanche*, interrupting him suddainly, and for that reason I would willingly have return'd, before you had been up : Tell this present time I have been satisfy'd of your respect, but in such occasions as this, if your civility be not quite lost, it is most mightily straggled, for, if it were but
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for decency sake, such persons as I ought to use such kind of refreshments as privately as we can : And I also Madam (since your reward of my respect is so disproportionably small) must in civility acquaint you, that I am not proof against such an outrage, that whatever you do hereafter is indifferent to me ; that I abandon your Empire, and disclaim your authority so easily, is a manifest sign that your fetters are not so hard to be broken, as your vanity persuades you : *Blanche*, who thought *Don Diego's* quarrel was for nothing but not suffering him to wait upon her to the Bath, and given him the pleasure of seeing her in her Smock, was a little surprized to see the business run so far, when taking the word out of his mouth, with a Tone as high as his for his life. You are very bold Sir, let me tell you, said she, to tell me you will leave me ; You, whom I have so often forbid to see me again whilst you lived : You, whom I have no sooner banish'd from my presence, but I had you immediately begging mercy at my feet : and Conjur-ing me to admit you, unless I would hasten a death which is more indifferent to me,

me, than my proceedings hereafter can be possibly to you : If, as you tell me, my fetters are not broke with such difficulty as my vanity perswades me, you must needs confels your self a pittiful creature not to have broke them twenty times before now, after all the opportunities I have given you to do it, nor can I easily imagine that you are not proof against every thing, seeing so many repulses have not been able to discourage you : I have alwayes thought, Madam, reply'd *Don Diego*, that my weakness, made a great part of your power, and that you would never have been so high, had not I been so submissive. You have banish'd me I confels, but you would never have done it, had you not been sure I would return. Your Eyes, as charming as they are, have conquer'd nothing (since they conquer'd me,) that has gain'd them more glory; and the most honorable part of your life, is that, in which you had the happiness to captivate me with such arms, as persons of my quality are seldome subdued with. 'Tis true, reply'd *Blanche*, I had taken other Measures with you, had the Conquest been worth the
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trouble of keeping, but we venture that freely, which we care not to loose; and if after so many interdictions, I have been forc'd by your importunities to admit you again, you are not the first Criminal has been pardon'd in honour, but look'd upon with regret. For my Eyes, you know not how things pass, if you believe they have made no new Conquest, since yours, there are people in the world, which find the same graces in them still which they had, when they were unfortunate as by pleasing of you, to obtain so scandalous a Victory, and to answer all your Extravagancies at once, you must needs confess that could I have accustomed my self to your weakness, that which you call the most honourable part of my life, would not have been the least glorious of yours, seeing the difference betwixt you and I is not so great, but that the Family of the *Pimentels* is as good every jot, as the House of the *Stunigas*. It is as good, or better Madam, reply'd *Don Diego* very fiercely, (who in point of his Nobility was alwayes very nice.) 'Tis as good at least reply'd *Blanche*, (who had her Geneology without book)

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but not to make a disturbance, with the numbring of our Ancestors, to show which of them are the antientest, I pretend however to be the Nobler of us two, because my heart is better plac'd, and I am more sensible of my honour. If you had been so sensible of your honour as you speak of, reply'd the perulant *Don Diego*, you would not have got up by three a Clock yesterday Morning, to go I know not whether, with I know not whom, and perhaps to do I know not what, which to tell you the truth sticks nearer to my heart, than any thing else; I will go out earlier, if I have a mind to it, reply'd *Blanche* in a fury, the last words of the jealous *Don Diego* having rais'd her to a higher pitch of indignation, than all he had said before, I will go where I please in spite of your teeth, take whom I think good along with me, and do at my own liberty *the Know not what* you speak of, which sticks so close to your heart, which pleases me less by the delight I find in it myself, than by the affliction it gives you: And I Madam, and I reply'd *Don Diego*, as short as he could possibly, will take my leave of you now, and give you this

gentle advertisement before I go, that it shall be for ever, that it will be to no purpose for you to stay in the Church hereafter, when Service is done, drilling away the time till I come to wait upon you home; That if I pass, and repass, and perhaps stop before your Lodging, it shall not be I'll assure you with design that you should send *Beatrice* to call me over, as has formerly happen'd, to your own knowledge: That when you suffer me to go out of your Chamber, there is no consideration whatever shall be able to bring me thither again. I tell you Sir, reply'd *Blanche* something out of Countenance, I will never go to Church, but in the Company of my Father, in whose presence you durst not have spoke the least word you have done, for your Travails before my Lodging, you may pass and repass (as you call it) a hundred times a day, and I not take notice on you once: and so far am I from detaining you upon the promise you have made of returning no more when you are once out of my Chamber, that I wish with all my heart you were gone out of it already. You speak that too faintly, reply'd *Don Diego*,
to

to make me believe you : In what I speak there is still something of passion falls from me, too great an Evidence, that I have still a kindness for you , though it be more than you deserve ; but the coldness, if not cruelty , of your Expressions to me, makes it demonstrable, I can have no share in your affections , how well soever I could deserve it : and if after you have assured me so oftēn , my surprize seems ridiculous, know, you never told me so, but when you were in Choller, and to say you love not , Choller persuades not so effectually as indifference. When he had said this he put on his Gloves as gently as he could, and when they were settled , he desired *Beatrix* to give him a Glass of Water, to see how *Blanche* would behave her self in the meantime : The Glass of Water being drank, and he as wise as he was before ; Well Madam, said he once more, you will not hinder me from going, and you do very well, for all the pains you could have taken would have been lost ; and to let you see I speak from my heart, I bid you farewell , and do assure you it is not a Farewel till I see you again, as all the

test have been till now : *Blanche* (who perceiv'd well enough he sung loth to depart, and was sensible she had given no occasion for his sottish deportment, which she was resolv'd he should repent) pretended not to hear him, upon which the poor mortified *Don Diego*, (who was a mighty formalist besides) chose rather to depart in his rage, than to stay any longer, when he had bid her adieu : All the high words which pass betwixt them, could not hinder but *Blanche* must peep after him thorow the window, and *Don Diego* fac'd about three or four times to see if he could catch her : She had thought once of sending for him back, and he was inclin'd to have come back without it. But fortune stood their friend, and reconcil'd them again without any condescension of the one side or the other : For the *Count de Benevent* as he return'd from the City, meeting *Don Diego* near his House, he importun'd him so earnestly to Sup with him that night, that it was impossible for him to resist : By which means our two Lovers, who were never to see one another again whil'st they lived, were brought together again, and

no sooner were they together, but their mistakes were discover'd, from whence they fell to their Excuses, from Excuses to Protestations, from Protestations to all the other Love tricks and *Grimaces* which are of necessity to be past, before they can perfectly arrive at the *Osculum pacis*.

Mandoe, who had been the occasion of all this mutiny, and after *Ordognes* regal, was gone to find out his Master, told *Don Gusman* as soon as he spyed him, his Business was done, and he had found out the Lady which troubled him so much: *Don Gusman* being good natur'd of himself, and his passion over, forgot his tumbling upon his Cloak, and receiv'd him very kindly, but believed not a word: The first thing he commanded him after his arrival was, to be sure to call him next Morning Earlier than he had done that day, to try whether fortune (which works commonly by the day) would treat him any better than of late it had done: and *Mandoe* overjoy'd to be restor'd to his Masters favour, promis'd him he would: he intreated him likewise in respect he was resolv'd to rise every Morning before

the Sun, to have a care he was not ill, and as an Expedient propos'd to him to go to Bed betimes, and take that sleep out over Night, he would lose in the Morning. *Don Gusman* who had nothing else to do all day, and when the humour was upon him, would stand but for a Cipher wherever he went, took *Mandoce's* advice, and it was the first time he had done so in all his life, and because the heat was insupportable, that he might sleep the more voluptuously, he commanded him to draw a pan of Ice thorow his Bed.

The invisible Sister of his Friend, or *Elvira* if you will have it so, who from a Closet she had in her appartement heard every word *Don Gusman* said, if he spake any thing loud, was glad at her heart to find he was not discouraged; believing his indiscretion sufficiently punish'd in what he had suffer'd already: Here I expect the Reader (if he be any thing cross) will pronounce me a fool, and affirm that if *Elvira* understood *Don Gusman* so well when he was talking to *Mandoce*, *Don Gusman* (who was not dead) might hear her as well, when she was

was in discourse with *Jacinta*; and it is probable *Elvira* (having as much affection for *Don Gusman* whom she knew, as *Don Gusman* had for her whom he knew not) did not restrain her tongue so carefully upon the point of the Rendezvouz, but that something might fall from her, he might hear in his turn. To confound such as would be Critiques and cannot, or (as the *Spanish* Original has it) do Criticize but simply; I answer, That every time *Elvira* had a mind to listen to *Don Gusman's* discourse, she stole upon her tiptoes into his Closet, which was the only place she could hear in; That betwixt her Closet and the Chamber where she and *Jacinta* held their Counsel, there was an Anti-chamber, and a *Vestibulum*: and if the Original it self had not told me so, 'tis possible I might have had so much wit of my own as to have imagin'd it. Supposing then *Elvira* was so well lodg'd, with her Chamber, Anti-chamber, and Closet, besides a back Room for *Jacinta*, I say again she heard every word *Don Gusman* speak, when she would trouble her self to listen; and having heard his design of appearing at
the

the appointed Rendezvouz next morning by break of day, she resolv'd to meet him at the hour aforesaid, and that the want of sleep might not take down her flesh, she imitated *Don Gusman*, and went to Bed in the same Method, only her Bed was not warmed with Ice.

Elvira, and *Don Gusman*, who had each of them as much love in their bosome as was necessary to keep them from sleeping, wak'd precisely at Midnight, and lay tumbling, or contriving as they pleas'd, whilst *Mandoe* and *Iacinta* having no such cares upon their Conscience, slept as quiet as Lambs, till the Clock struck Two, and ne'r troubled themselves further than to get up when it was time : *Mandoe* got up on one end about Three, rouz'd his Master forthwith, who having put on the same Sute, and Ruff, put the same Money into his Breeches, and taking his old Train along with him, he hoysed Sail and away to try his good fortune, where *Mandoe* the Night before had met with such ill: *Elvira* was not quick enough this Morning to get thither before him, yet she was so civil as not to make him stay long.
As

As soon as *Don Gusman*, who from the same place where he had spoke with her before, stood gaping towards that side whence he thought she would come, having spied two persons in *Vayles* making towards him, he made a short Ejaculation to *Cupid* in acknowledg^{mt} of his favours, and then gave twenty Duckets to *Mandoce* to present in his name to my Ladies Gentlewoman whom he had expressly order'd him to entertain, and make himself as gracious with her as he could. This done away he ran to meet his cloudy Mistress he loved so passionately, without knowing any cause, to whom at first dash he express'd the affliction her absence had given him in such pathetique terms, that *Elvira* who knew well enough to discriminate betwixt Complement and Sincerity, did not doubt but his Mouth was the faithful Interpreter of his heart. After he had made an ample display of the great pains he had suffer'd since the last time he had the honour to see her: and had complain'd a little sharply of her cruelty in not keeping her Word: If I came not yesterday, said she, as I appointed,

pointed, it was you your self was the cause, if I brake my parole, it was you gave me the president, and so far am I from making any excuses, I have just reason to make my Complaints of you. Of me Madam, reply'd the passionate *Don Dufinan*, scratching his head, and turning over the leaves of his Memory, but to no purpose, he could not imagine what it could be with, which she could reasonably charge him. Why Madam, said he, if you came not yesterday as you promis'd, was I the occasion, I Madam, who did even consume with an ambition to see you? and to confound me the more perfectly you affirm you had not broke promise, but by my Example! Be so good Madam, I beseech you, as to make your self intelligible, for my part I cannot conceive how it is possible for one to hinder himself in a thing he desires so passionately, nor how one can break his word according to the example of a person who keeps it so exactly; for in short Madam, were it not beneath me to require the testimony of my Man, there stands *Mandoce* who could justifie he waited on me hither yesterday

to this very place, where I attended from Three till Eight, with the usual impatience of such as expect the greatest blessing that can befall them. *Mandoce* who remembred all very exactly, and had good reason not to forget them so soon, was ready to have been his Masters security, and to produce irrefragable evidence of what he alledged. But *Elvira*, after she had admonish'd *Don Gusman* to rub up his Memory, told him, that since you desire I would make my self intelligible, you must understand it is of your indiscretion I complain, and the greatest fault a Gentleman (as you seem to be) can be guilty of, is to publish the least favour he receives. I see very well I have already made my self intelligible, and that you understand what I mean, the blood which is got up into your face, (which I can see thorow my Vayle, that will not afford you the prospect of mine) convinces you of your Crime. And the truth, of which the esteem I have for you makes me suspicious, renders it self so visible that in spite of all that makes for you, I cannot but believe it. I do not doubt Madam, (reply'd *Don Gusman*, with as much

much respect as was possible) but I did blush, and if I did doubt, your Eyes (whose Splendor darts thorow the thickness of your Vayle which covers them) are witnesses too illustrious to be suspected. But this blush which confirms what you have told me, justifies me on the other side from being so guilty as you imagine. Had I design'd to offend you, I should have been silent under your reprehension, you could have said nothing could have surprized me, because I would have been prepared to the contrary, but the least thing astonishes, that is not expected; and he that makes a formal excuse, has had time to prepare it. I assure you further Madam, I imparted that secret to the best Friend I have in the world, and to no other, and till this time I have alwayes found him so discreet, that unless you be very dear to him indeed, he would have consider'd me more, than to have made any discovery; So that Madam, I see how great your interest is with him, by what you have told me, and the authority you have over him, by the violence he has committed upon himself. In a word
 Madam,

Madam, I begin to lose those hopes I
 conceiv'd : I was obliged to *Don Ruis*
 before I saw your Ladyship, and how
 adoreable so ever your Ladyship may be,
 Love must not make me attempt any
 thing to the prejudice of our Friendship :
 If I be not mistaken, reply'd *Elvira*, you
 take me for your Friends Mistress, and
 believe you should do him an injury to
 have any value for me ? Yes Madam, said
 he, I take you for *Blanche de Pimentel*,
 the Count *de Benevent*'s Daughter, who
 in short is the person *Don Ruis* adores,
 and whom I cannot love without drawing
 upon me the hatred of the best friend
 in the world. I know *Blanche de Pimentel*,
 reply'd *Elvira*, but I am not she : You
 ought to believe me, since I do assure
 you I am not, and my Spirit is too high
 to accept the homage of a heart which
 seems blacken'd with ingratitude : But
 Madam, if you be not *Blanche Pimentel*,
 reply'd *Don Gusman*, I must of necessity
 have satisfaction of *Don Ruis* for divulg-
 ing a secret, which nothing could make
 excusable, but his Complacency to his
 Mistress, in respect it has given you a pre-
 judice against me : However Madam,
 when

when *I* imparted it to him, *I* did it so respectfully, he might well see he must needs be the most intimate of my friends to whom *I* would communicate such a secret. Have a care *I* command you, reply'd *Elvira*, who was afraid of being discover'd, and take no notice to *Don Ruiz* of what *I* have told you: *I* pardon your past indiscretion, because you did not think to offend me, but *I* will not pardon you this, now you know *I* have forbid it: Besides *I* am assured *Don Ruiz* is one of the best friends you have, and intended not to disoblige you in communicating your secret to a person of whose fidelity he has had sufficient experience. If he has told it but to one single person, and that person be you Madam, reply'd *Don Gusman*, *I* cannot perswade my self but you are his Mistress, & if you be *Don Ruiz* Mistress, who as you are pleas'd to affirm, is one of the best friends *I* have in the world, *I* am bound without further deliberation) to see you no more, though my heart trembles to think on't. It is an easie matter for you Madam to convince me, that my friendship for him is not incompatible with my affection for you:

Don

Don Ruis who hath kept none of his secrets from me, has many times shown me the Picture of *Blanche*, if you be not she, grant me the favour (though but for one moment) of seeing those charms which your *Vayle* intercepts, and do not refuse me the happiness of adoring you without disquiet. *Elvira* thought his request but reasonable, and did not doubt but if she pull'd up her *Vayle*, her beauty would be sufficient to smite him; But her design being not to Conquer him by the by, and her Journey to that place, to sound and sift his heart, which she had a mind to surprize, she refus'd his demand, with as much civility as could be. You desire a thing Sir, said she, when it came to her turn, which is impossible to grant you, till I have had further experience of your Conduct: hitherto I have had no great reason to admire it: The other day was the first you ever saw me in your life, and that very day, you discover'd it your self: Had I shown you my face, or inform'd you of my name, you would possibly have describ'd the one, or pronounc'd the other with the same confidence, and the repu-

tation of a person of my quality, is well worth the pain of considering whom I trust. All I can say to you, is that the homage of your heart is not suspected, and that if you resolve to make it to me, you may do it without the least prejudice to the interest of your friend : I shall meet you, and tell you more, as soon as I may tell you who I am : After which and some other Complements which I have forgot, *Elvira* would have taken her leave, but *Don Gusman* desired her to take the other turn in the Alley where they were, to consider only whether they had forgot any thing they intended to say : But whilst *Don Gusman* was very serious in his amours, *Mandoce* (who had wit enough to keep half the present his Master had given him for *Iacinta*) did it as it had been in jest. He had a Complement ready which he had studied the Night before, and doubtless she should have had it, but that he had Duckers to give her, but being a Chamber-maid, and he a *Valet de Chambre*, he concluded their inclinations were the same, and that the sound of the Gold would make her open her Ears wider, than the Complement

ment he had provided. When he had given her the ten Duckets which he told her his Master presented, and *Iacinta* had reply'd that she would not have receiv'd it, but that Noblemens Money brought her alwayes good luck, he ask'd her why she put that affront upon him the day before, when he met her and her Mistress coming out of a Shop? *Iacinta* had her Lesson, and was commanded to say nothing that might tend to the discovery of her Mistress, who she was well satisfied stir'd not out of her Chamber that day, she perceiv'd *Mandoe* had been mistaken, and accosted some other person for her, and doubted not but it might be serviceable to her Lady to confirm him in his Error : Whereupon she told him, I knew you as soon as I saw you, and would have taken notice of you, but that my Mistress perceiv'd it, and forbid me; truly Mistress, said *Mandoe*, I do not doubt it, That which had almost perswaded me I was deceiv'd, was that she counterfeited so well, for when she question'd me how I came to be acquainted with you, and afterwards threaten'd to have me Cudgel'd, one would have

sworn she had really been angry. *Iacinta*, who knew nothing of what he would tell her, was so fearful of answering improperly, that she cut him off as short as was possible : 'Tis true, said she, she counterfeits excellently well; I did not follow her so close, answered *Mandoe*, after she had given me warning, but I was even with her another way, and dog'd her home to her Lodging with mine Eye, and for your better conviction she lives at such a place, by such a Church, not far from such a turning, and nam'd a part of the Town clear contrary to *Elvira's* house; I cannot deny, said *Iacinta* very cunningly, but that is my Mistresses house; you have remember'd the House, the Street, and the Church so exactly, 'tis impossible to confute you; and I see by the marks you describ'd it must needs be that you follow'd us with your Eye. Good Lord how wise you are! You think I know nothing, said *Mandoe* (who hug'd himself all the while for what he had done, whilst she did but mock him) when I undertake to find a man out, he must be well hid indeed who conceals himself. But I could
 wish

wish that in consideration of the ten Duckets I gave you, you would tell me your Mistresses Name, for five I will tell you the name of my Master and all his Kindred, from his great Grandfather, to a Bastard which was lay'd at his Dore about two Moneths ago with a paper of Directions about its Neck, which he has put out very civilly to Nurse, and pays four Shillings a week for it to this day. It troubles me very much reply'd the subtle *Iacinta* that I cannot answer your desires. My Mistress who pretends great reasons for the concealing it, has given me an Oath of secrecie, and tyed up my Tongue: But I will put you into a way of discovering it, without wounding my Conscience; and that is thus, you know the place where she lives perfectly well, what have you to do then but to ask the first of her Neighbours you can see, to whom the House you mark'd does belong, and they will inform you not only of what you would know of me, but what ever else you desire. In faith, said *Mandoce*, and thou say'st right, I cannot wish a better way to know both the one and the other; and if your Lady does

not greafe the fifs of the Neighborhood,
 to make them tell lyes in her behalf, I
 fhall quickly find what Trade ſhe drives;
 But could you imagine that I with all my
 wit could have miſs'd of this invention
 without your intimation: and yet 'tis
 true, he that firſt ſaid two heads were
 better than one, was no Fool for his pains.
Jacinta had a months mind he ſhould
 hold his reſolution, and therefore ſhe
 ſaid, Have a care I beſeech you, do not
 diſcover you had any light from me, if
 my Miſtreſs ſhould imagine I ſhould be-
 tray her in the leaſt, as you have made
 me inſenſibly by your cunning and ad-
 dref, I ſhould wear no more flaps this
 year, and perhaps be turn'd out of her
 Houſe, and then 'tis a queſtion whether
 ſhe which comes after will be ſo true to
 your Maſter as my ſelf. *Atandoe* being
 mightily tickled at her commending his
 addref, promis'd her faithfully he would
 do her no harm. After which he beg'd
 very heartily to ſee her, though it was
 but the tip of her Noſe, for ſays he, I
 am my Maſters Ape, and if you will be
 your Miſtreſſes Monkey, we will imi-
 tate them, and talk of love as they do.

Jacinta

Iacinta reply'd, that she could not imitate her Mistress better, than in not suffering her self to be seen, but she could proceed no further, for *Elvira* and *Don Gusman* having finished their last turn at that very instant, took their leaves of one another with the same Ceremonies as they had done two dayes before; that is, *Gusman's* Mistress oblig'd him not to dog her, and *Elvira's* Gallant was contented to obey.

No sooner were they parted, but *Don Gusman*, (who could by no means unriddle the myserie of this Adventure, and who believ'd this Lady was *Blanche de Pimentel*, whatever she pretended) enquir'd of *Mandoce*, how the Virgin took the present he had given her. The best in the world reply'd *Mandoce*, she's the best Girl Sir under heaven, and the truest to your interest, when I gave her the twenty Duckets (for I'll assure you I gave her them all) to see how she carried it, one would have sworn she had been angry, and had it not come by chance into her mind that Money from Persons of Quality brought her always good luck, she would have been hang'd she swore before

she would have receiv'd it. Has she told you nothing, said *Don Gusman*, of what I desir'd to know, nor have you fish'd nothing out of her that may contribute to my quiet, and ease me of the great anxiety in which I am at present involv'd? For as to the incomparable person with whom I was so long in discourse, she is so cautious and witty, she has not let one word fall that can give me the least light or suspicion, and I am so afraid she will prove my friends Mistress at last, I cannot enjoy my self, nor half that felicity I might. Why Sir, says *Mandoce*, what will you give him that undertakes to tell you her Name, and her Surname too if you desire it? Ah dear *Mandoce*, said *Don Gusman*, taking him about the Neck with an amorous precipitation, if you will do me that kindness, I will ingage never to give you blow again whil't I live, let your impertinence be never so great, that you shall live with me till you dye, and I will take a special care of your fortune, though you scarce do deserve it: If the care you will take of my fortune, reply'd *Mandoce*, be as particular as the way in which you promise

it is particular, I shall be particularly obliged to you; But tell me Sir, if you please, if I do you this great Service you talk of, will you advance my Wages five or six Duckets, which is much less than the fortune you speak of, of which your Worship will take so wonderful a Care? You know very well *Mandoce*, reply'd *Don Gusman* something hastily, I do often make you repent this unreasonable fooling, if you believe what I say, do not abuse my patience in so tender a point, least in stead of taking a Solemn Oath near to strike you again, I break your head immediatly: but to prevent things coming to that, here, here's a Ducket for you, make hast, rescue me out of this Purgatory if you can, and let me not languish after a secret to which the happiness or unhappiness of my Life, is most inseperably annex'd. *Mandoce* (who had to do with a man, who seldom threaten'd, but he was as good as his word) took his Ducket very civilly, and then told him the story how he had entertain'd the Servant of the incomprehensible Lady he had parted with so lately, how she refus'd to tell him her Mistresses Name,

Name, who had been so malicious as to curse her to the pit of Hell, if she prov'd a blab of her Tongue, and of the invention she had found out to discover, and betray her, (in spite of all her precaution) without offending her Conscience. But Sir, above all I must admonish you, continued *Mandoce*, that, when you know her Name upon which your happiness as you say depends, you do not tell the Lady how you came by it, and that it was by the means of her Maid, you are as wise as you be : she swore to me her Mistress would never endure her again, and perhaps she should be turn'd out of her own: for doing you service. *Don Gusman* saw nothing unreasonable in all that *Mandoce* said, concluding therefore his Duckets had done the business with *Jacinta*, he ask'd his man, if he was sure he could find the house again which he had mark'd the day before ; 'Tis so easie Sir to be found, reply'd *Mandoce*, that I will undertake to conduct you to it at Midnight, without the help of a Lanthorn ; To go to it, there is no more to be done, but to pass thorow such a Street, (whose name I know not) and then when
you

you come to the upper end, turn on your left hand, then march strait on till you come to another little Street on the right hand which leads you to an Inn, which Inn you must pass-thorow, and you will see a Fountain throwing up water into the Air, in the middle of a broad place; there is the house you would have, and judge now if it be not easie enough to find. They continued upon the spot, a full hour in this kind of discourse, for as towards Ladies *Don Gusman* was a Religious observer of his promises, and he had promis'd his Mistress not to stir in that time; his glass being out, and his heels at liberty *Mandocce* was obliged to give his Master something for his Ducker, and to conduct him to the house where he had set the two Ladies the night before: To secure the Money, *Mandocce* did as he was Commanded, and conducted him thether. He had no sooner shown him the house (which was one of the fairest in *Toledo*) but *Don Gusman* being impatient to know whom it belong'd to, he ask'd the first Neighbour he met, who was its owner, he was answer'd very familiarly, That sure he could not have
much

much wit, at least not to have been long in *Toledo*, if he did not know that house belong'd to the Count *de Benevent*. The Count *de Benevent* cry'd *Don Gusman* in a maze : is that possible ? That which I tell you, Sir, is so possible, that it is certainly true, reply'd the person to whom *Don Gusman* ask'd the question, who to make him the more mad, was the greatest prater in the Town : To let you see Sir, said he, that I know who is the Master of that house, as well as I know my right hand from my left, his Christian Name is *Don Alphonso*, his Surname, *de Pimentel*, *Benevent* is the name of a Lordship he has which brings him in yearly twenty seven thousand, nine hundred, threescore and fourteen Duckets, where he holds his Courts, & has his high Justice, his mean Justice, and his low Justice, he has no Children but one Daughter, to whom *Don Diego de Stuniga*, Grand *Alquazil* to his Majesties, and *Don Luis de Moncada* are Servants, and *Beatrice* is the Name of the Maid who I think is inseparable from her Mistress *Blanche*, for I see them both steal into the house about an hour ago, so well Vayl'd, the Devil would

would have had much ado to have known them, and now Sir judge you whether you could have met a man that could have given a better accompt. The Disconsolate *Gusman*, whom that babling Coxcomb had confirm'd in his old fancy that it was *Blanche de Pimentel* which shew'd him that kindness, curst the haste he had made to bring himself out of so favourable an Error, For the circumstances he had been told, especially that of her being seen entring into the house with her Maid, and both in their Vayles, so exactly at the hour, agreed so punctually with what had happen'd with him, that he had no grounds left to flatter or deceive himself any further. To show the command he had of himself, and that his misfortunes could take away nothing of his civilities, he return'd his thanks to the fellow which told him what he had rather not have known, and immediately resolv'd that if he could not extinguish his flames so soon as they were kindled, he would at least smother and suppress them so as his friend should not perceive them: And yet this resolution could not hinder, but he was in great trouble to
leave

leave Count *de Benevent's* house; he walk'd round, and round about it a considerable time, & as he was upon the point of departing in good Earnest, *Beatrix* put her head by accident out of the Window, and receiv'd a most profound reverence from *Gusman* which was follow'd by another from *Mandoe*, who had been lately with the Dancing-Master on purpose, *Beatrix* not being used to such civilities from so fine men as *Don Gusman*, return'd him her Courtsie, and ply'd her Hams so, as they had never been ply'd in her life. But by misfortune a house which jutt'd out a little, and was threatened to be pull'd down by the City Surveyors, kept her from the sight of *Don Diego*, who following them appear'd at that instant at the entrance into the Count *de Benevent's* Appartement. Upon which *Beatrix* clapt to the Window in such haste, that her præcipation prov'd of very ill consequence, for *Don Diego* perceiv'd her, and believ'd if she had not been doing him an injury, she would not have been so much afraid of him: He enter'd to *Blanches* Appartement in the sight of *Don Gusman*, which could not but be a great
Mor-

Mortification to him that durst not enter. *Don Gusman* resolving to see how long he stay'd, was in a very great rage, and he was not so alone; His Rival (or rather he that he thought so) had hired a Neighbour of *Blanches* over Night to watch when she went abroad, and to bring him word as soon as he saw her, and *Blanche* going out very early to Bath herself according to her usual custome, the Spy gave the alarm immediately to *Don Diego*, but he was in such hast to carry him the News that he had not patience to see whether she went, so that the jealous *Don Diego* was fain to search her up and down but without any success, till at last to his unspeakable comfort he perceiv'd *Beatrix*, to whom *Don Gusman* was making his Congeys, and who upon the first sight of *Don Diego*, shut the Window with so conscious præcipation: All these things stuck in his Stomach, and made him fetch large strides up and down his Mistresses Chamber, who being newly returned from her Bath, was but just gone to Bed, and therefore desired him to withdraw, it being undecent to permit him in her Chamber so early

early in the Morning : But *Don Diego* having walk'd up to the Window where he saw *Beatrix*, he observ'd *Don Gusman* who was still in the Street, and immediately his jealousy, which could not be idle, perswaded him that he had been with her in some place or other, that he had brought her back to some Street near her house, that before they parted she had order'd him to walk up and down under the Window, that she might give him notice when the Count was abroad, that *Beatrix* had doubtless given him the sign, and that in thankfulness *Don Gusman* had made her those Congeys, but that his coming in unexpectedly, had made her give a contrary sign, and that he was waiting till it was rectified. That at last he should be sent away with so much cruelty, but to make room for another more welcome than himself : To find out the bottom of what his jealousy had suggested, he pretended an artificial joy, and took his leave of *Blanche*, to whom, by way of Apology for the liberty he had taken in interrupting her so unreasonably, he represented in very good terms, that Love observ'd no precise hours,

hours, That when it was so great as his was for her, he ought to have some privilege more than ordinary. He was no sooner down the Stairs, but he took *Ordogno* aside and Commanded him to have an Eye upon the Gentleman under *Beatrice's* Window, but so slyly that it should not be discover'd, and that if he entred, he should bring him immediate word to a Friends house not far from *Don Benevents*, from whence he might not only disturb their Conversation, but all other pastimes, which two young Lovers that love one another entirely are capable to enjoy.

Don Gusman resolv'd never to see his *Blanche* again, yet he was much pleas'd that *Don Diego* stay'd with her no longer, and fancied himself the more welcome of the two, seeing she took so much trouble upon her to see him, and so little in favour to his Rival. Had not *Don Ruiz* been his Friend, or had he not believ'd him his Rival as well as *Don Diego*, his joy had been incomparably greater. But though he had been inform'd that *Blanche* had no inclination to *Don Ruiz*, he wish'd rather to be unfortunate as he, than to
 G make

make advantage of his disgrace, and tell his friend one day the Sacrifice he had made, and to draw his reproaches upon himself. He return'd to his Lodging when he saw *Don Diego* come out from *Blanche's* appartement : *Ordogno* the subtilty of whose watching was the best of his play, follow'd him without being observ'd by *Mandocce*, and returning to *Don Diego*, acquainted him that the Gentleman who he had the honour to watch, was returned home without visiting his Mistress, and that he had dogged him to *Don Luis's* house, where the day before his Servant had told him his Master had his Lodgings, *Don Diego* though he apprehended the News of his going to *Blanche* at his very heart, was not pleas'd notwithstanding that he was gone home without waiting upon her : They were so accustomed to squabbles his Mistress and he, that *Don Diego* was prepared to say so many things to *Blanche*, if he could catch her at any time with *Don Gusman*, that in the great desire he had of quarrelling with her, he was not ashamed to purchase a pretence, neither did he forget any thing he might honourably do

to preserve the ill humour he was in, That he might at least have the pleasure of quarrelling with himself, seeing he could not do it with any body else : He reflected very gravely upon *Don Gusman's* retreat, and imagin'd it rather an Evidence of his passion, than an Argument of his indifference. His jealousy, or if you will, his familiar, who was continually whispring such fancies into his Ears, put it into his head, that the fear of exposing what he loved, had oblig'd *Don Gusman* to so prudent a retreat, and that *Blanche* would not fail to acknowledge the violence he had done to himself in her consideration : Whil'st these whimsys were in his head, he sent for the same Neighbour, who had that day done but half the Service he expected from him, and pay'd him before hand, to oblige him to greater diligence the next : and the good Neighbour, who had not got so much in three dayes as *Don Diego* had given him, promis'd to take his measures better hereafter, and to let him know the very place to which *Blanche* went. About ten a Clock he went to *St. Domingo* (a little Covent of

Jacobins, to which *Blanche* used ordinarily to go to hear Mass, but never pray'd to God) but he being a perfect good Catholick, it was out of a principle of devotion, and to avoid the distractions of his mind : *Blanche* he found there, very busie at her Prayers, but in a way by herself, and not with so much trouble upon her Spirits as he. When she had said what she had a mind to say, and had made her curtesie to be gone, *Don Diego* presented her with the Holy Water, which she took, Then he gave her his hand, which she accepted likewise, & suffer'd him to lead her home, where he Dined as he had Sup'd the Night before. After Dinner *Blanche* who had dress'd herself to return certain Visits which she had received, she acquainted *Don Diego*, who understanding (as he thought) what she would be at, took his leave of her, and past that day but very indifferently.

The vigilant *Elvira* who observ'd how the time ran away, and was very apprehensive of *Francisco de Medina's* return, to whom her Brother had been so idle as to promise her, resolv'd to make her advantage of his absence, and try her utmost

most Skill, to compleat what she had so luckily begun. *Don Ruis*, contrary to his custome, being got up that day before *Don Gusman* was returned from his Rendezvouz with *Elvira*, she sent by *Iacinta* to desire him to come into her Chamber before he went abroad, for she had something to say to him, upon which he repaired to her immediately : *Elvira*, after she had declar'd to him that she could live no longer in Prison, and that if he refus'd his Permission, she would go abroad without it, made him promise her to tell *Don Gusman* (who believed her really in the Countrey) that she would come home the next day, least knowing the Truth, he should be offended at the caution they had used ; and to perswade him the better that she had been there, he invited him civilly to Ride out with him to a certain little Town, where she was to be without fail the next day about five or six a Clock at Night.

Whilst *Elvira* was well pleas'd that she should be permitted to see *Don Gusman* without rising so early ; *Don Gusman* poor Gentleman, who thought he had loved *Blanche de Pimentel* all the

while, had but a very ill time on't : He was very Melancholly in his appartement upon the intelligence he had received, and his Man *Mandoce* on her side (who made a Conscience of being merry whil'st his Master was mad, seeing him resolv'd never to appear again at the Rendezvous, and to shun all occasions of seeing that person again, which he had formerly attended with so much impatience, he found pretence also to afflict himself, and fell into a great passion that he had not cheated *Iacinta* of the whole Present he was intrusted to make her, seeing it was manifest *Don Gusman* would never have known on't. The Clock had every where struck twelve, when *Don Luis* returning home, went up into *Don Gusman's* Chamber, and found him with so lamentable a Countenance, like one that had nothing of good fortune in his face, that he could not but ask him how it stood with him, and if the Vayled Lady had forsaken him, in the beginning of his Adventure : *Don Gusman* who was afraid to make his Friend jealous, or to discover it was *Blanche*, as he must do if he should enter in discourse upon that mat-

ter which he demanded, he remembred the wipes he had given him in reference to his indiscretion, and reply'd to *Don Ruis*, that his good fortune was ended the same day it Commenc'd, and that it must of necessity be the Lady was mistaken, for he had been at the same place twice since, and could hear nothing of her. Perhaps, reply'd *Don Ruis*, it is the Apprehension of being seen together which makes you so discreet in a point where there are very few so in our Age. To tell you the truth, had I known where to have found you this morning, I had a mighty itch to have given you a Visit, and taken you in the fact, and if in common friendship you refuse to let me participate in your Adventure, I will be at the expence of Spyes to give me intelligence of your meeting. In good earnest is the Lady as handsom without a Vayle, as with it? And is she worth the trouble she has put you to of rising so early? For to tell me a Story that you never saw her since you told me of her first, you know is not fair dealing with a man who has sometime had the like Adventures himself. I know in matters of Gallantry no

costs are consider'd, when a Lady resolves to make the first overture her self : and if yours has been at the Rendezvouz but once since the beginning, I think she is inexcusable unless good witness can be brought that she dyed suddainly. 'Tis true, said *Don Gusman*, a person which dyes suddainly, has a lawful excuse for not meeting at the place she appointed, but I should be very sorry such an accident should happen to so beautiful a Lady as I fancy her to be to whom I spake to but once. Nor am I so delicate but I had rather forgive without any, then receive so cruel an Excuse.

All that I can say to you, said *Don Gusman*, is, that I have not seen her since the time I told you I parted from her, and her Conquest I find considerable enough to torment me for want of the sight of her: This Sir is the cause of what you observ'd in my Countenance, if it be true you observ'd any thing : If you desire I should lose it, favour me so far as to enquire no further, or else question me if you please about any other matter, and do not constrain me to entertain you with my misfortune : *Don Ruiz* did as his friend intreated

treated him, and chang'd his Subject as soon as he had ask'd him. He let him know he had received Letters lately from his Sister who was to be next day at *Toledo*, and he desired him to Ride out with him to meet her : *Don Gusman* who had loved a Vayl'd person without knowing for what, conceiv'd inward joy at what *Don Ruiz* had told him, he could not tell why : He conjur'd him to give him notice when he went, and *Don Ruiz* who was resolv'd of it without that Conjuratⁿ, was well pleas'd to find himself prevented; a while after, they went down, and the Judicious Reader may believe it was to Dinner, for it was much about one a Clock. The curious *Elvira* who was alwayes listning, fail'd not to overhear them, *Iacinta* having advis'd her that thorow a little Window in a place she would not name, she saw her Brother go up to *Don Gusman*, she stept immediately into her Cabinet, where she lost not one word of their discourse : She knowing nothing of what had happen'd to *Don Gusman*, nor suspecting the least of the curiosity he had to find out her Lodgings, she thought her self oblig'd to
him

him for his concern, and doubted not but he had taken it up on purpose that her Brother might easily believe, what he would willingly perswade him to. The day being over, and the night by consequence arrived: *Don Diego*, *Elvira*, and *Don Gusman*, went each of them formally to bed in their own Chambers, but not one wink of sleep amongst them all: *Elvira* could not get a Nap, for she, poor creature was in Love, *Don Gusman*, he was Melancholly, and had something as heavy as lead at his heart, and for *Don Diego*, he (forsooth) was Jealous. The two Rivals thought of nothing but *Blanche* all night long, but each of them in a different way: *Don Gusman* ruminated upon the many favours he suppos'd he had receiv'd from her, and concluded it the greatest punishment in the world not to be able to answer them: *Don Diego* divertising himself with the jealousie he carried to bed with him, could not perswade himself but that *Don Gusman* was more in her Books, and thought he could not do himself a greater pleasure than to surprize them together: Whilst contemplating of that which disturb'd
him,

him, and was the more disturb'd by his Contemplation, day began to appear, and the Spy he had employ'd, to put himself into a posture of discovering *Blanche*, which he effected in a short time : She went out of her house about the same hour she had done the day before, accompanied only by her Maid *Beatrice*, and away to the Bath where she had formerly been. The Spy who got his livelihood by such kind of Service, follow'd her very gently at a distance, and when he saw her stop, he return'd with all speed to give notice of the place to *Dan Diego* who had set him on work : But a certain wind which had risen in the night betwixt Twelve and one a Clock (called *Gallego* by the *Spaniards*) and is properly a North wind, had alter'd the Air, and made the water (which was tepid before) so insupportably cold, that *Blanche* having made an Essay with her Finger, was of opinion she had best put off her Bath for that day, and *Beatrice* being as tender as her Mistress for her heart, approved her advice : In the meantime the Spy, who had seen them enter into a Boat, and had a mind to pre-
serve

serve his Trade with the liberal *Don Diego*, was gone to give him an account of the Service he had done him, and boasted he would conduct him to the place where he should assuredly find them: *Don Diego* who desir'd no better, put on his Cloths immediately, and whil'st he was dressing, he question'd his Scout whether she had never a Man with her, He reply'd that she had none with her, but as he was coming back to him, he met a handsome personable man going that way, to whom she might possibly have given notice of her Motion, and that if he made hast he would infallibly find them together in the Bath: At these last words *Don Diego* lost all patience, he gave his Man a good box on the Ear for being so slow, and would go away with one of his Stockings the wrong side outward, rather than spare so much time as to turn it; but in spite of his diligence, *Blanche* was returned to her appartement, before he was got out of his house: when he was dress'd as well as a man could be with a stocking put on the wrong way, his Mistresses Neighbour convey'd him to the place where he left her; *Blanche*
was

was no sooner got out of the Boat ; but one of the richest Merchants in *Toledo*, with his Wife and a Daughter they had, enter'd into it, resolv'd seeing they were in the place, to take the benefit of the Bath in spite of the wind, but when they were in the water, they found it so cold, they were forc'd to get as close together as they could to keep themselves warm, in which posture (to compleat their stupidity) they continued near half an hour : *Don Diego* who presently perceiv'd them, concluded they were *Blanche*, *Beatrix*, and *Don Gusman*, and that which confirm'd him in his opinion was, that like over-modest Bathers, who for fear they should be known, and derided, they had turned their backs towards him as soon as they perceiv'd him : He cast his Eyes down the River, but could find never another Boat, so that he was obliged to call out to the Boatman, who gave him no other answer but with his Head ; after he had promis'd him liberally if he would take him in, but to no purpose, he threatned the Waterman with his Sword, and the Waterman did as much for him with his Stretcher. The distra-
cted

eted *Don Diego*, besides the affront he
 believed he had received, resolv'd to have
 no more to do with a person who had be-
 tray'd him, and cryed out to the Bathers,
 that he knew them vvell enough, it vvas
 in vain to conceal themselves, one of them
 was *Don Gusman de Haro*, and the two
 others were *Blanche de Pimentel* and her
 her Maid. They very well pleas'd that
 he knew them no better, instead of disa-
 busing him, they made signs with their
 Head that he was in the right, and *Don*
Diego supposing they had added derision
 to the affront, lost the rest of his under-
 standing, which to speak truth was no
 great loss; So that to revenge himself of
 her treachery, he was three or four times
 in the mind to have thrown stones at
 them, and endeavour'd to have knock'd
 them on the head. Inraged that he could
 not see their faces, and not doubting but
 when they had done, they would get
 away on the other side of the water, and
Blanche would have the confidence to de-
 ny, what he was confident he had seen,
 he could think of no expedient so sure to
 convince her, as to go and take her in the
 Act; to this purpose having order'd
Blanche's

Blanche's Spy (who was the only Companion he had) to go home and bid them bring him some clean Linnen, he stript himself out of hand, clapt his Cloths down upon the side of the River, & threw himself into the water, which notwithstanding all the heat his Choller afforded him, he found extraordinary cold: When he was got up to the Chin, Those who were Bathing, not regarding much whether he knew them or not, because if he laugh'd at them, they had as fair occasion to do as much by him, turned their Boat towards him, and almost drown'd poor *Don Diego*, who in a most unconceivable amazement clapt his Head under water, and drank a hearty draught to the Ladies good Healths: When he came up again, the first thing he did was to Rail at those he intended to have seen, he call'd them Sots, and Fools, that they were not returned sooner: They answered, they would return when they saw it convenient, and that he was the Fool, to be mistaken so grossly; You are a couple of impertinent Jades, reply'd *Don Diego*, (who was transported at their impudence) to be in the water, in such
wea-

weather as this, I came in upon your score, supposing it warm when I saw you there before me, and to revenge my self for the cold I endure by your means, if I knew who you are, I would warm your shoulders for you with my Cudgel. You are an impertinent Coxcomb reply'd one of the Women, if the water were warmer, I should not like it so well, I do not find it so cold as you do, and the reason may be, because I am not so rotten: And then the man stept in and held him, to let you know the persons you have the insolence to threaten with your Cudgel, if I had one about me, I would wait upon you on the same errand, without troubling my self to enquire who it was rewarded for his savviness. But they did not hold long at this rate, *Don Diego* was too cold, and the Merchant got into the Boat again with his Equipage, who desired him to put a shore on the other side of the water, least they should fall together by the Ears with an extravagant Fellow who seem'd to desire nothing else. *Don Diego* returning to his Clothes, perceiv'd a Rascal, who had found them lying without a Guard, had made

made bold to run away with them. He tore his throat a pieces with crying out, but the youth was too nimble, and *Don Diego* in no condition to pursue, nor did he see any one that morning to make his Attorney, so that his Clothes were lost, and all that was within them, and which was the highest part of his affliction, he had no certain proofs of the infidelity of his Mistress. If he were cold in the water, he was much more on the Land, the wind which lay only upon his face whil'st he was in the River, had egress and regress to all parts of his body, when he was out; his Teeth chatter'd so loud, they might have been heard nine or ten paces off: and to accumulate his misfortunes, his *Valet de Chambre* who had the Key of his Linnen, was by ill luck (for his Master) gone with great devotion to Church to hear Matines, as soon as he went out; so that whil'st they were in search for his Religious Valet, *Don Diego* who was serv'd right enough could find no better expedient to shelter himself against the wind, than to go into the water again. Having expected his Linnen three full quarters of an hour in

that posture, he perceived his man coming; but the Spy vvho had observ'd *Don Diego* to be in an ill humour before several of these accidents befell him, he dispenc'd with returning himself, and he did very wisely, for in a conceit he had that it was a piece of Roguerie or negligence in the Fellow, he had made no Scruple to run him thorow with a long Tuck which the Thief that stole his Clothes did not think fit to be troubled with. The devout *Valet de Chambre* had three or four good cuffs on the Ear as soon as he came near him, which he took patiently, and was more satisfied to receive them, than to hear the deep Oaths which his Master swore when he gave them, after which Ceremony *Don Diego* oblig'd him to lend him his Clothes to go home in, where he was no sooner got, but he made his Bed be warmed after another manner than *Don Gusman's* had been, but for all the care they could take in warming it, he fell into a great fit of shivering, which by good luck prov'd not an Ague, for it left him that night, and never visited him more.

Elvira, (who the same day *Don Diego*
had

had these disasters, was to pretend to return from the Countrey) got up something later, than when she was to meet *Don Gusman* at the Rendezvouz appointed, and perhaps later than she did ordinarily; she caus'd a Riding Sute to be provided the Night before, and spar'd for nothing that might seem neat, or was suitable to the design she had on foot. The impressions she had made upon the heart of *Don Gusman* when she was in her Vayl, made her apprehensive to find him pre-occupied, & though it was of her self he was already enamour'd, yet she doubted not but that she should find much trouble to be belov'd by him, if she did not show him as much beauty at first sight, as would make him unconstant: Hereupon she recommended it very seriously to her Maid *Jacinta* to try the utmost of her Skill, and if possible to Rig her out that day better than ever she had done in her life; and to her natural beauty, to add all that Art and Experience could Administer, When she was dress'd, and had consulted fourteen or fifteen Glasses, which hung up in her Chamber, as (if I durst deviate from

the Original I should say) a Treasurer of the Exchequer did not long since, who the first day he was advanc'd to a blew Ribbond, took so much delight in his own person, that he shut himself three hours together in a Chamber hung with Glasses in stead of Tapistry, that he might have the pleasure of seeing his Holy Ghost which way soever he turn'd himself) when, I say, the amorous *Elvira* had look'd upon her self as long as she had a mind, and was as well content with her dress, as the Treasurer with his Ribbond, she stole out at a private Gate, and being follow'd by *Iacinta*, away she went to an old Aunt of hers, where after Dinner, a Coach came for her to convey her into the Road where she had promis'd to meet her Brother. *Don Gusman* (who had desired *Don Ruiz* not to go away to meet his Sister without giving him notice) was by himself in his appartement, where the (memory of what he had heard the night before disturb'd him exceedingly) when his friend came to call him, and to see whether he was in the humour to go along with him or not : *Mandoce* who was *Valet de Cham-*
bre

bre vwhen he vvas to be dress'd himself, and Groom vwhen his Horſe had got all things ready, and *Don Guſman* mounted ſo handſomly, *Don Ruiſ* was not a little troubled he could not do it ſo well: They Rid cheek by jowl till they came to the Town where *Don Ruiſ* was to meet his Siſter, and 'tis likely ſpake many fine things by the way, which the curious Reader vvould not be offended to hear, and perhaps ſome Roguiſh (for novv adayes Perſons of *Quality* vvill have them as vvell as others) which the nice Reader will be as willing to paſs. At the entrance into a Valley, into which a pleaſant Brook fell, and render'd it very delightful, our two Cavaliers met *Elvira's* Coach. *Don Guſman* lighted immediately to ſalute her, and he ſaw her no ſooner, but good night to *Blanche de Pimentel*, for he had forgotten her in an inſtant. A certain conceit (which the *beaux Eſprits* call *inſtinct*, and ignorant people (though with more reaſon) *what doye call it*) made him fancy he might love *Elvira*, without being unfaithful to *Blanche*: and though his reaſon would never ſuffer him to believe he could be be-

loved by a Lady who was promis'd to another, he answered himself, that the less reason there was in Love, it was commonly the more happy, and Mauger the Empire it had in his Soul, he requir'd it not to meddle with the affairs of his heart: The first Complements being over, and a great many obliging impertinences said both on one side and the other, *Elvira* desired the two Cavaliers to come up into the Coach. Her Brother was against it because of their Boots, but *Don Gasmán* who thought there was no false Latin in being near a handsome Lady, clap'd himself into one of the Boots, and *Don Ruís* being left alone, was glad to get into the other. Their conversation (which could not be alwayes upon Complements without being ridiculous) happen'd by accident to fall upon Love, and *Don Ruís* who in rallying upon his friend, intended to do him extraordinary Service in acquainting his Sister how gracious he was with her Sex, he recited the whole Story, as he had done to her before, and put them into a disorder where persons of less wit and dexterity, then they would have certainly
been

been lost. *Don Gusman* (who imagin'd his love had chang'd its object, and fear'd that if *Elvira* should believe what her Brother had told her, that she would refuse the homages of a heart escap'd out of the chain of another) desired her not to believe it, and he endeavour'd to persuade her that he had told his friend an imaginary, and fictitious Adventure to oblige him not to conceal his true ones from him. But *Elvira*, who whilst *Don Gusman* was speaking, had time to recollect her self, besides, being the principal party, she knew the truth of the Adventure as well as he, had a mind to see upon what ground he dissembled; and whether it was fear of appearing to be in Love, or his indiscretion which caus'd it. That which my Brother has told me, said she smiling, is in my judgment so probable in it self, that notwithstanding your intreaty to the contrary, I am more inclin'd to believe it: for when I consider how excellent you are in your person, I question whether there be a good fortune in *Toledo* that is not at your mercy; and seeing Love is the most honourable engagement, so gallant a man

As your self can be employ'd in, I should more wonder if you had not been in love, than to hear that you have. The time Madam, sayes he, is so short since I was in love, that you cannot have heard it I am certain, for if what your Brother has told you were true, judge you Madam, how far one can be smitten with an invisible Beauty: It may possibly be, a person which imagin'd himself lovely, might imagine himself beloved, but betwixt imagining one loves, and loving without imagining it, there is a great deal of difference, and this being granted, I am of opinion I never was in love; till I saw your Ladiship: The subtil *Elvina*, who saw clear enough he spake nothing but what was from his heart, and would have been offended had he given any other answer, had notwithstanding a secret displeasure against him, for that she had render'd him inconstant in so little a time: and *Cupid* who in those dayes was the giddiest and most irregular little Jackanapes in the world, after he desired to be content, he grumbled that he had been so soon. *Don Gusman's* Mistress, whose Tongue was as
 well

well hung, as her Eyes were set, thought it not fit to be silent, when so fair an occasion of speaking, presented it self. If I had expected I should have drawn you to a Declaration, reply'd *Elvira*, I should not have jested so upon your good fortunes, though you should not be agreed of the last you have had, yet the answer you have given me shows that you are too gallant a person, not to be very fortunate; and yet as gallant as you are, I should be very sorry to have captivated a heart so volatile as yours, nor am I so much an Enemy to my repose, as to desire such a conquest as will stay with me so little. Who is it that would stay with you so little? reply'd *Don Gusman* (who in spite of the respect he had for her, had like to have told her she lyed) do you think it as easie to get out of your fetters, as into them? and that it is so easie a matter for a man to redeem himself, after he has submitted to the yoke of such Excellence as yours? You said as much, and perhaps more to your invisible Mistress, reply'd the crafty *Elvira*, and therefore you would be unfaithful, if you have found out another to give your heart

heart to, which cannot be taken from her but unjustly : *It is true Madam, answer'd Don Gusman, I have said as much kindness to her, as could be spoke to a person whom I was ambitious to love, and (which is more) I spake nothing but my thoughts; Had I been so happy as to have seen her, and her face had corresponded to the Majesty of her shape, and to the beauty of her soul, my heart satisfy'd with the affection it had for her, would have been contented with a most profound respect for your Ladiship; but having had the happiness to see you before her, your charms have not given me time nor patience to attend till she makes discovery of hers, and if now I should be so weak as to change, 'tis to your Ladiship, not to her I should be unfaithful. Don Ruiz* believing them only playing upon one another, let them alone, and medled not at all, but they cheated him as wise as he was. In these kind of discourses they arrived at *Toledo. Elena* was obliged to take her Brothers Lodgings, who for fear of humane fragility would not suffer her in a place where she might give temptation to his friend, and
 though

though she made no expression of it, yet this changing her Quarters was no small perplexity to her, in respect of the convenience she had in the other, of listning, and hearing the amorous reflexions of the person she loved above all the world. After Supper *Don Ruis* went the Rounds, about *Blanches* appartement, to see if *Beatrice* had no news to tell him, and *Don Gusman*, to whom *Elvira* had given her hand, conducted her to the same place, which had been formerly their Rendezvous, and was a publick walk where *Don Ruis* had promis'd to come and meet them; *Elvira*, and *Don Gusman*, in the same Alley where they us'd to walk so early in the Morning, knew not well how to carry their Countenance; the one apprehended least she should know that was the place where he had made such furious love to the Lady in the Vayle, and the other was afraid to be discover'd to be she. At length *Don Gusman*, who perhaps knew no better, entertain'd her with a Discourse about the beauty of the place, *Elvira* (who when her Brother went to the Jesuits School, had learnt the meaning of this Verse, au-
daces

daces fortuna juvat) had the confidence to tell him that he spake of it with more pleasure, than people speak ordinarily of an indifferent thing, and that it must of necessity be, that was the place where he and his invisible Mistress used to meet, seeing he had commended it so extravagantly. *Don Gusman* (who unless he had had some Devil to prompt him) could not imagine it was she he was speaking to, bowed very low before he gave her an answer, and when he had bowed as it had been for his life, he told her something in as obliging terms as he could, but the true sense of it was, that her *Ladiship* lyed. *Elvira*, certain that the lye was at his door, and having a mind to try how far his discretion would hold, told him that the trouble and disturbance with which he told her she was mistaken, did confirm her in her opinion it was true. Here it was his business to have Equivocated, and to have reply'd that if he was discomposed to tell her she was mistaken, it was because he knew not in what manner to insinuate it to a person who with so much judgment as she carried along with her, could not without

out great difficulty be deceiv'd : But having other things to discourse with her, he chose rather to confess it was as she said , and put off the Equivocation till another time. All the favour Madam I have to request of you , continued *Don Gusman* , is this , not to let any person whatever know what you have desired me to tell you : Your Brother, to whom in spite of our friendship, I have often repented that I communicated my adventure, suspects nothing of this : In a word Madam, besides that my honour is concern'd in this secret, which I have not been able to conceal from you : The most Excellent Lady, whom I have had the honour formerly to entertain in this place, never took her Oath to come no more hither, and I should be much troubled if my indiscretion should make her. See in what a Condition I should have been, reply'd the malicious *Elvira*, should I have accepted the Present which you offer'd me, without further deliberation ; I see very plainly, that when you dispose of your heart, you dispose of a Commodity which is none of your own, Had I accepted it, you would for ought

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I know have resum'd it again before this time, and presented it *de novo*, at the first Rendezvouz you had made ; and my eyes would have been so far from keeping their conquest, they would have had the same fate indiscreet Conquerors have, who enter at one side, and are beaten out at the other. I see, Madam, reply'd *Don Gusman*, you are pleas'd to be merry in a very serious affair, and that you do not credit my affections, because you are not dispos'd to receive them : But, though I may contract your displeasure thereby, I cannot but affirm you have captivated me more in two hours time, than the Servant your Brother tells me he has made choice of for your Husband. If the Servant my Brother has recommended to me, be smitten at the first sight, reply'd *Elvira*, (who was willing to let *Don Gusman* know the condition of her heart) he is oblig'd to make him restitution, for I had never any design to enamour him ; if it be to Madam, and your affections be free, reply'd the fortunate *Don Gusman*, I will swear, and give you the choice of what Oath I shall swear, that mine are taken up with nothing but you,

you, and that as soon as ever my Eyes were blest with the sight of your Ladyship, the Lady with the Vayle (for whom notwithstanding I shall retain a continual respect) gave you the place which she possess'd there before : ask me not I beseech you how that can be in so short a time, for let me be----- he was so transported imagining he had been speaking with some of his friends, that it was a hundred to one but he had said, *Damn'd*, but recollecting himself, & remembring he was speaking to one he intended should be his Mistress, he chose rather to begin that period again, than to go thorow with his imprecation. Wherefore ask me not, said he once more, how it is possible to love with so much ardor in so little a time : I see more charms in your Eyes, than I ever saw before, and yet as charming as you are, Beauty alone seldom does so speedy execution ; and were not my heart prepar'd (as it were on purpose) for you, I should scarce have been your Captive so soon. This said, they were glad to change their note, for *Don Luis*, to whom *Beatrice*, 'rom one of the Windows of *Blanche's* Lodgings, and

and signified that she could not come to him, had promis'd to meet them in that Alley, and was as good as his word, before they desired him, upon which *Elvira* took up, and suppress'd what she had farther to say to *Don Gusman*.

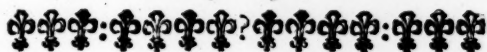
At the same time whil'st *Don Ruiz*, *Elvira*; and *Don Gusman*, were diverting themselves in that walk, *Don Diego* accompanied not only with the jealousy his love had created, but with a Feaver which proceeds from the same, was stark mad with himself that he had bath'd that morning so unseasonably; *Blanche* on the other side, who had not seen him since they were together at *St. Domingo*, and knew nothing of all his Adventures, was in no little disquiet; when he came to wait on her the next Morning, if he had had a less excuse to make than that a Feaver had confin'd him the day before, she would have u'd her utmost endeavour to have desir'd him never to come to her again whil'st he lived; But all the Choller she had upon her before he came in, was dissipated as soon as she understood he had been ill, and his countenance confirmed what he said. She ask'd him
if

If he had not been playing at Tennis, Mall, or some such violent Exercise, and if it was not by over-heating himself, that he came by his Distemper. *Don Diego* answer'd her no, and it was true that he said; but he durst not say it was by cold, lest she should guess at the design he had to have surpriz'd her. They had been the best friends in the world, could *Don Diego* have been quiet; But the Devil was in't, though he was look'd upon as one of the best Heads in *Castile*, and at the apprehension of the Constable *Don Alvaro de Luna* had given Marks of his Valour and Prudence, he was so irrational in the matters of his love, that all the favours *Blanche* did show him, the joy she conceiv'd at the sight of him, and the disquiet she told him she endured in his absence, appear'd to him but so many Intrigues and Subtilties to dazle his Eyes, and disguise her Transactions with *Don Gusman*: In short he sought all opportunities to reproach her to her face whatever it cost him, and he did it with so much diligence that at last he had his desire.

Seven or eight dayes together he was
 1 with

with *Blanche*, but so dogged and out of order, he past whole afternoons with her, without opening his mouth, and if he did, it was only to yawn, or to answer like a Monk at a feast, and that is by Monasyllables. *Blanche* having ask'd him several times what he ayled, and in all those, receiv'd but one impertinent answer, she was much troubled he should show himself so ridiculous, and could not hold one night from telling her Maid *Beatrix*, she wish'd with all her heart she did not love him so well; *Beatrix*, to whom every week *Don Ruiz* made some present or other, and whom she had rather should Marry her Mistress than *Don Diego*; order'd things so that she gave *Don Ruiz* notice her Mistress began to be cruelly weary of his Rival: that now he had a fair opportunity to insinuate into her affection, That *Blanche* was not a Woman to live long without Servants, and would sooner accept of him, than be without, and that having already gain'd her esteem, it would be no long work to secure himself of the rest. *Don Ruiz*, overjoy'd at what *Beatrix* had told him, pay'd her better for that piece of intelligence,

gence, than for any he had received before, and *Beatrice* closing up what she had said, told him that *St. Blanche's Day* would fall within six dayes afterward, and advic'd him to give her a Magnificent Serenade *incognito* the night before, Forget nothing Sir, said she, that may make it superlatively Gallant, and above all things be sure you be before *Don Diego*, that when he comes after with his, it may appear contemptible and pittiful. When it shall be convenient to let *Blanche* understand who it is to whom she is obliged for so grateful a diversion, one word of mine (which I shall speak to the purpose) will do your business. *Don Ruiz* promis'd to follow her direction precisely, and least he should be discover'd with her he took his leave of her, and bid her Good night, as I shall represent to my most honoured Reader, who if he pleases may see what follow'd in my second Book, which if I do not over-sleep my self, I will begin in the Morning.



DECEPTIO VISUS.

OR

*Seeing and Beleiving,
Are Two Things.*

A Spanish History.

The Second Book.



That I may be as good as my word to my Honored Reader, to whom I promis'd Yesterday to begin my Second Book this Morning, He must understand that *Elvira de Moncade*, and *Don Gusman de Haro* had better success in their amours, than *Don Diego de Stuniga*, and *Blanche de Pimentel*; From that Night in which they had that conference together, *Don Gusman* sought
 I 3 all

all opportunity of attending *Elvira* again, and she avoided him only as a person which design'd to make the best of her Talent, and by a formal resistance, to irritate the Passion of her Servant; in short they met as often as the absence of *Don Ruiz* gave them convenience, and every time they met *Don Gusman*, exaggerated the greatness of the love wherewith *Elvira* had inflam'd him. The two or three first times *Elvira* pretended to believe nothing of what he said, but it was in such a manner as discover'd clearly she had no mind to be believ'd in what she pretended; and because she was in continual apprehension of *Francisco de Medina's* return, for whom she had a mortal aversion, and on the other side, was press'd hard and conjured by *Don Gusman* to answer his love, she declared to him a while after, that as soon as it could be evinc'd that she was the only object of his affections, she should not be displeas'd to receive them. To discover whether effectually he loved no body else, or whether in her turn, the Lady with the *Vayle* could not render him inconstant; *Elvira* set *Iacinta* once more on work, who
 taking

taking her old Equipage and disguise along with her, accosted him as he was passing by, and let him know her Mistress would meet him next morning at three a Clock, at the same place where he had seen her before. *Don Gusman* who was not as yet undeceiv'd, and imagin'd to that very hour, that the Vayled Lady was *Blanche de Pimentel*, thought he should be guilty of double infidelity to accept the Rendezvouz; The interest of his friend whose Rival he was resolv'd not to be, and the Kindness he had for *Elvira*, whom he would by no means delude, made him return this honest answer to *Iacinta*, That he had receiv'd a Command from the King to depart that very hour upon a Journey which he could not possibly put off, and he did humbly desire of that excellent person who had express'd so much goodness towards him, to discontinue it for the future, and to honour him no further than with her esteem, unless she had a mind he should be ungrateful. *Iacinta* undertook to deliver his Message, and had no sooner left him, but she whipt off her Vayle, put it into her Pocket, and

return'd to *Don Ruis* his house almost as soon as *Don Gusman*. The anxious *Elvira* who was in her appartement all the time, sometimes wishing *Iacinta* was return'd, and sometimes afraid on't, was not a little overjoy'd when she heard how civilly *Don Gusman* had excus'd himself for not meeting at the appointed Rendezvous; But because long joy is dangerous, *Don Ruis* who had been abroad in the Town, brought her such a cooling Chard at his return, as made all the happiness she conceiv'd for her Servants fidelity evaporate immediately; He told her that passing by *Francisco de Medina's* house he saw him just lighting off on his Horse, and that having saluted him and congratulated his return, he gave him no answer, but with his Tears. That he imagin'd from thence that his Uncle was very dear to him, and in respect she was like to be his Wife, she was in civility obliged to visit him next Morning, and to let him see the part she bore in his affliction.

Though it had struck twelve a Clock at Night all over the Town when *Don Ruis* came home, yet he was not mistaken, for it was really *Francisco de Medina*

dina he had seen, who was return'd from his journey, and in as much trouble as he had describ'd. The Unckle he had in *Italy*, who was an ancient blith Gentleman, lived very handsomly, and denyed his fences no satisfaction that they desired, had two or three times invited his dearly beloved Nephew to come and see him, But *Francisco*, chose rather to believe he was well, than to take such a Journey to see it, at his own expences; wherewith his Unckle was so much offended, that to punish his avarice, and to be reveng'd on him for not stirring one step upon his invitation, he bethought himself of an expedient to bring him with a vengeance, which was by causing a Letter to be Writ to him that he was dead. His Unckles design having taken effectually, and *Francisco* departed like a good Nephew with all speed to throw Holy Water upon the Corps, at his arrival at *Genoa* he found him in better health than himself, and the Story sayes it had like to have kill'd him to see his Unckle alive.

The Unckle being offended that his covetous Nephew should have more consideration

sideration of his Estate than his person, would not own him when he saw him, but declar'd point blank he knew no such man : To rub up his memory *Don Francisco* told him his Name, but to no purpose, for at the name of *Francisco de Medina*, his Unckle deliver'd him a Letter which was lately arriv'd out of *Spain* directed to a person of that Name, and seem'd to be very angry it was directed to his house, which Letter the Nephew had doubtless refus'd to receive, had he not found *Post paid* under the Superscription : When *Francisco* saw he would not own him in earnest, and that the Stable door was shut against his Horse, and the Kitchen door against himself, he fell into a great passion against his Unckle, and reprocht him as a dishonest man : He told him, that having caus'd it to be writ to him that he was dead, in justice and honesty he was oblig'd to be as good as his word, That the tiresomness of a Journey of two hundred Leagues, and the extraordinary expence he had been put to upon a Road where Provisions were so unreasonable, he doubted not but would affect the Judges,

to whom he was resolv'd to make immediate Complaint, and that he was not a man so ignorant in business himself, but that he knew, by vertue of the Letter he had to show, and the charge he had necessarily been at for mourning, as he had call'd him his Heir, he should cause him to be hang'd, and have Costs. The Cunning Old Tost, who was almost dead with laughing at the Extravagance of his Nephew, restrain'd himself as much as he could, and then told him very gravely, That indeed he should be oblig'd to have made his word good, had he writ him word himself that he was dead, but as things stood he thought himself so far from being oblig'd in honour, that he found no inclination in himself to take a Journey into the other world upon so frivolous an occasion. That since he was the cause of his going into Mourning, the greatest kindness he could do him, was to give him just cause for to Mourn, to which end he declar'd he should never be his Heir, and the reason he gave, was because he had five or six honest fellows to his friends much dearer to him than a Nephew, to whom his death

death was so acceptable. Time was too scarce with *Don Francisco* to spend any more of it in Scolding, he got up as well as he could upon his gut-tounded Palfrey, (who look'd as sad as his Master, and could not beat the Unckles unkindness out of his head, in causing the Stable door to be shut against him) and with his one Lacquey, who for recompence of four years Service would have been glad to have been turned out of doors, went with all speed to enquire out the best Lawyers in *Genoa*; to be advised whether he might not legally demand the Death of his Unckle, according to the purport of the Letter was sent him: The Lawyers disgusted at the question, would give him no answer, till he had given them their fees, and then they told him for his Money, that unless he had been a Fool he would never have been perswaded to so ridiculous a proposition: Being almost out of his Wits that he was out so much Money for Counsel that signified nothing, *Francisco* and his Folly, his Horse and his Lacquey, went all in a Body into an Inn, where about ten a Clock at Night the

Mistress

Mistress of the house would needs turn them out of doors, because no Supper was bespoke; It being too late to seek a new Lodging at that time of Night, and it being by misfortune *Thursday* Night when *Don Francisco* arriv'd at that Town, he was put to his choice whether he would take six stale Ram stones which could not be kept sweet till Sunday, or put up his Pipes, and go seek him new Quarters, he was twenty times in the mind to take the latter of the two, and to lye abroad in the Streets, rather than to accept such inhospitable Conditions, but for fear the Officers which go all night about the City, and would certainly have carry'd him to the Round-house, had they found him bulking it at so unreasonable an hour, he resolv'd to fare well in spite of his teeth, and to make Mirth for his Hostess, who had the pleasure to hear him swear a great Oath at every Morsel went down. Of the six Ram stones which were prepared for him, he eat two himself, and thought his Belly would have broke with so exorbitant a Meal, two more he gave his Foot-man, who when they were done, had much
of

of the Cast of one of the old *Roman Hero's* in his Countenance, who had never been brought up to Suppers; the other two he forc'd upon his Horse, who being unus'd (poor Jade) to so odd a kind of Dyer, winc'd and kick'd several times by way of Apology, but perceiving the Barnicles at his Nose, and a great Iron Engine ready to force open his Mouth, he was glad to acquiesce, and take them down civilly, though with no little danger of being choak'd; and as if this had not only been sufficient, but there had been danger his guts would have been crackt as well as his Masters, they tyed him up without Oats or Hay till the next Morning.

As he was a hundred and a hundred times revolving his Unkles unkindness, the Letter he had receiv'd at his House came suddainly into his Memory, he broke it up immediately, and found it came from the best friend he had in *Toledo*, who desir'd him whilst he was at *Genoa*, to take the care of a particular business of importance he had there, which he had forgot to recommend to him at his departure, and to lay out
fifteen

fifteen or sixteen Pistols for him, which he would thankfully repay at his return. *Don Francisco* had not a better friend in the world, and would have spent his blood withall his heart in his Service, but he could not but shake his head at the proposition of disbursement, and look'd upon it as a very uncivil expression; he remembred he had made him a hundred protestations of friendship, and that he had assured him he might dispose both of his Honour, and Life, but not a word of his Money all the while, so that in his judgment not to be contented with what he had offer'd him, was to offer violence to his friendship, and gave him a just occasion to break it; However he read the Letter over again, but without any disposition to do what he was desired; he call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and because the Post for *Spain* was just ready to go, he would answer it immediately, but his head being full, and the trick his Uncle had play'd him lying hard upon his Stomach, his mind run more upon other things, than what he was writing, so that this Letter went away in these very terms.

My dear and best Friend,

THe Letter in which you desire me to Disburse fifteen or sixteen Pistols for you, is not yet come to my Hands. If during the little time I shall stay in these damnable Quarters, I may be serviceable to you, you know in what manner you may employ me. I make you no larger offers of my Service because I am

Your dearest and best Friend

Francisco de Medina,

This Letter writ, seal'd and dispatcht, *Francisco* went to Bed, and past the whole Night in cursing his Uncle, his Lacquey in cursing his Master, and the Generall (who could not imagine Ramstones to be so nourishing meat) in devouring half a Dozen of the Rack-slaves.

Loss

Loss and *Don Francisco* were so incompatible, that he could not sustain the least without very great trouble. The word *loss* (which is but indifferent in it self) he could not pronounce without horror, and that he did not hang himself when he understood what he had *lost* by his *Uncle*, it was not so much apprehension of being damn'd, as fear of *losing* his Soul. After he had try'd a hundred Reasons and Contrivances with himself, but could not find one that gave him Consolation, he resolv'd to go once more to his *Uncle*, and see if he could be brought by fair means to an accommodation, and to give him possession of what belong'd to him after his death, upon which terms he was contented he might live. But the *Uncle* having very drily repeated the answer he gave him the day before, word for word, he call'd him Old Ape, and an hour after he commanded him by virtue of a Letter Missive which was writ upon the top of a Citation he had procured, to deliver him that very day all that he desired, upon pain of paying his charges whilst he stay'd there, besides what he should

spend in his Journeys both forward and backward, to which end he *Subpena'd* him to appear before the judge of the Policy at two a Clock in the afternoon. The *Subpena* deliver'd, *Don Francisco* came punctually to the Court, and to save the charges of Counsel to plead his Cause, he pleaded it himself. The Uncle who was come also to divert himself, and was not much troubled to make his defence, for his Nephews Plea was so grossly ridiculous, and his pretensions so idle and impertinent, that after he had made the whole Court almost burst their sides with laughing, the Judge declared his Motion to be foolish, and Condemned him to a Fine, which he was forc'd to pay before he stirr'd from the Bar. So that the unfortunate *Don Francisco*, having thrown himself very devoutly upon his Knees and curs'd the whole Corporation to the Devil (in which he had been so unconscionably unhappy) his Uncle, who had been the cause of all, The Judge, who in spite of all the Equity on his side, had set a Fine upon his head, and his Hostels for her Ram-stones, resolving to stay no longer in a Countrey where persons

persons of his Merit were used so ill, he got upon the poor Animal which brought him thither, and follow'd by the Train which came with him, he set forth for *Toledo*, and arrived just at that time when *Don Ruiz* joy'd him of his journey, which brought his misfortunes, and expences so fresh into his mind, that he chose rather to fall a crying, than to give him an answer.

Two dayes after the return of *Don Francisco de Medina*, whose Tears *Elvira* could not be perswaded to commiserate, a Commet appear'd in *Spain*, some will have it a Hee Commet, others a Shee; for my part I leave every man to his opinion, and had rather believe it an Hermaphrodite, than to be put to look under its tail, so that let it be of what Gender it please, this being premis'd, I hope neither one side or other will have reason to be angry:

Two dayes (I say) after the return of *Don Francisco* a Commet appearing in *Spain*, drew the curiosity of all people to behold it: There was neither man, nor woman, poor, nor rich, great, nor small, but satiated their Eyes with that prodigious

gious Spectacle, at Midnight which was the hour it rise at, some stood gaping in the Streets, others out of their Windows, and some who were fearful of being Press'd, and had a months mind to be playing in the Gutters with the Cats, clamber'd up a top of the Houses, venturing their Necks to satisfy the curiosity of their Eyes : Never was there such a time for Spectacle-Makers, and such as sold Prospective Glasses, as at that time ; Never were Astrologers, Casters of Nativities, and such as know future events (as it were without Book) in such esteem as they were then for three Weeks together : Some told them the position of its head, others w^hat Kingdom was threatened by its Tayle, and the people admiring to hear them speak big words which neither of them understand, thought them the wisest men that ever were created.

Francisco de Medina, who from *Easter* to *All Saints*, went to Bed alwayes by Day light to save Fire and Candle, presum'd upon himself for once, and watcht one Night till Midnight, not so much in curiosity, or any pleasure that he took
in

in the sight ; but to inform himself whether it portended Famine or not, that if it did he might lay in Corn, while it was cheap, and Retail it out afterwards at his own Rates, but an Astrologer in an old rusty Gown having maintained in the presence of the King of *Castile* that the Comet presaged War, *Francisco* who was not for that kind of Recreation, studied hard for some other way of making it propitious, and if it were possible to refund the Expence of his Journey into *Italy*. Having consider'd very solemnly about half a day, and set his wit upon the Tenters to find out some way of reimboursing himself, he hit or at least thought he hit upon an expedient which would not only recompence his losses and charges, but in a short time raise him a considerable Estate.

He stir'd not out of his house all the rest of the day, lest his project should be discern'd in his Countenance, and some body outrun him, and beg it of the King: But being got the next morning into the Kings Chamber, an hour before the Counsel sate, he presented him a Petition which he had drawn up himself,

Humbly beseeching, That in consideration of the great Services his lately deceased Father had done him, (and particularly at the Battel of *Olmedo*, where the conflict was so fierce, and the Victory so doubtful, that after he had obtain'd it, his Majesty caus'd a Chappel to be built upon the spot, to signify to posterity the fright he was in) he would be graciously pleas'd to authorize him to require a *Reale* a peice of all persons who should desire to see the Commet for the future, with power to establish what Offices he pleas'd for the Receipt of such Moneys as should be granted him by his Majesty : The King, (to whom *Francisco* whisper'd only by the by, That the Boon he desired of him was contain'd in the Petition he took the boldness to present him) caus'd it to be read in the Counsel, where after they had laugh't their Belly fulls, it was concluded, (to put a trick upon the Petitioner) to grant his desire.

The Counsel being up, *Francisco* (who attended very diligently at the Door, and never pray'd to God so heartily for any thing in his life, as to favour that design) made

made a low Reverence to the King, who knowing him again by the meagerness of his Village, told him his Petition was Granted, and *Alonso Perez*, the Secretary of his Commands had order to dispatch his Patent that very day, for which the over-joy'd *Francisco* was so thankful he swore a rousing Oath that in all the dayes he had to live, there should not one pass without an *Exaudiat Deus* for his Majesty, Night and Morning. *Alonso Perez* according to Orders drew up his Patent, and got it signed as was concluded amongst them; having receiv'd it at his hands, *Francisco* demanded what were his Fees, and what he was to give for its expedition, *Alonso* told him that he was too much his Servant to take any thing himself, but that the present being so considerable, he might well afford to give his principal Clerk a thousand Duckets for the pains he had taken; *Francisco* went immediately with his thousand Duckets to find him out, and deliver'd them frankly without swearing an Oath, and the reason was because he believed to get a hundred thousand by the Bargain.

Transported with the success of his Patient, and proud even to insolence, to be such a Favourite with Fortune, the first thing he did, was to repent him of his engagement to *Elvira de Moncade*, whose Portion began to appear too small, for such an Estate as his Commet promis'd him; whilst this remorse was hot upon his Conscience, he went to *Don Ruiz* his house, who receiv'd him with all imaginable civility, which was return'd by *Francisco* with as much neglect on the other side, not looking upon him now as his equal, since his superlative advancement. He told him at first dash, what the King had bestow'd on him, then he declared that he would not be Married, unless *Elvira* would give as much for him as he was worth, and at last told him plainly that if he would release him of the promise he had made to Marry his Sister, he would give him a Diamond worth three hundred pounds: *Don Ruiz* (who though he kept it to himself) had a sensible regret for the folly he had committed in promising his Sister to one of most ridiculous Coxcombs of the Sex, and would with all his heart have given as much

much as he was offer'd, to have been freed from his ingagement) pretended to be infinitely displeas'd at the proposition ; But *Francisco* having whipt the Jewel of a suddain out of his Pocket, he conjured him so importunately not to oppose himself against his fortunes, and to consider that with so great a stock as his Majesty had been pleas'd to give him, the richest *Partisan* in *Spain* would think himself happy to Marry his Daughter to him, *Don Ruis* took the Diamond, and rent the Articles in pieces, which being done, they embrac'd, and departed, both very well satisfied, though in deed but one of them had reason.

But *Francisco* was not long in this exaltation of happiness, The Devil who to perplex him, had put it into his head to exact six pence a piece of every one who desired to see the Commet, had render'd him Stone blind as to all obstacles he was to meet by the way : He concluded there would be at least two Millions to see it, and he was too good an Arithmetician to be ignorant that six pence multiplyed by two Millions amounted to 500000 pounds *sterling*. But he had not consider'd

der'd that unless he could find out some way to shut it up in a Box, people would be so unmannerly as to see it for nothing, so that coming to his reflexions when it was too late, and seeing no way to recover the thousand Duckets he had given to the Secretaries Clerk, nor the Diamond which *Don Ruis* would not have receiv'd, but to do him a kindness, he fell into a *Calenture*, and dyed within eight dayes, after the most pleasant manner in the world. For that kind of Distemper being subject to *Diliriums*, nothing could be more divertisement than to hear *Francisco* in him; His *Italian Unckle*, *Alonso de Perez*, and *Don Ruis* were never out of his thoughts, he thunder'd over their names one after another as fast as he could, but never pronounc'd one of them without a curse at the end on't, nevertheless among all the misfortunes he pretended to complain of, he constantly remember'd the great favour his Majesty had done him, in granting that so graciously, which he extravagantly had desired, and he doubted not at all, but that if his Project had been better, the Kings grace would have been the same, so
that

that desiring to dye neither unthankful for benefits, nor insensible of injuries he would sing sometimes a line or two of the *Exaudiat* he had promis'd him, and then rack about with a good curse upon those who had injured him : it being impossible for him to recommend the King to God Almighty, without sending at the same time, his Enemies to the Devil.

I cannot think the kind Reader expects to be entertain'd in this place with the recitation of his Will, not but he had wherewithall to make a fortune for a better man than himself, but he lik'd it better (to lengthen his life but some few Minutes) to leave things at sixes and sevens, and suffer that stock he had in this world to go to him that could get it when he was in the next, than to hasten his Journey by the naming of a Will ; for this is upon Record, he was so unwilling to venture out of this world, the very name of Death, Will, or Legacy would have dispatcht him to the other ; but when he found his departure at hand, and that death was pulling him away by the heels, he did what he could to have made a Will, and recommended to those
who

who were about him, (whom he began not to know) to cause such a person as he nam'd to them, to pay in a Sum of Money he had lent him upon a piece of Plate, but to be sure above all things that nothing was abated him of his interest, and then he dyed as like a Christian as he lived, of which *Elvira* (who knew nothing of cancelling the promises) was most mischievously joyful.

But to reassume my Narration where I left it, which is finish'd in regard of *Francisco de Medina*, I desire those who will entertain themselves to the End, to remember that *Beatrix* (who in this time was prefer'd to be chief Woman to *Blanche de Pimentel*) had given advertisement to *Don Ruiz*, that his Mistresses Holy-day was not far off, and that *Don Ruiz* had promis'd her such a Serenade as should tickle the Ears of the greatest Crittick in Musick: Supposing that this I have said be remembered, my present province is to acquaint that *Don Diego* (who in spite of the jealousy which made him almost mad) was too much a Gentleman to forget any thing a Lover of his Rank was obliged for

to

to pay, and therefore had prepared one also of his own, which he resolv'd should be the best he could possibly make : Well, the Eve of Saint *Blanche* being come, the two Cavaliers and their Musick, prepared against the next night, *Don Ruis* who kept himself punctually to *Beatrice's* directions, dispos'd his Squadron under the Window of *Blanches* appartement before it was full one a Clock in the Morning, That the Serenade *Don Diego* was to give her afterwards might appear as contemptible, as his was like to be excellent : *Don Diego* at the same time, accompanied with all the Musicians, and Instruments he could rake together in the Town, stood close at the other side of the house attending when his Mistress should be a sleep that he might wake her gently with his Musick, in the mean time he employ'd himself in staring at the Commet, when on a sudden the party which were there before, began their *Praeludium*, and indeed they promised something extraordinary, but that something was in a short time turn'd into nothing.

Don Diego, had been too long attending

ing an opportunity to quarrel, to let so fair a one as this escape, as soon as he heard them strike up, he caus'd his Company to put out their Torches, and desired them to follow as softly as they could, least they should give offence to those persons whom he had a months mind to discover : The first part being over, and the Serenade beginning with a *Saraband*, or if you will have it in Terms of Art, the Expression being languishing, the Accents accute, the Tone grave, and the Cadences quick, they varied their Notes in a most excellent manner, when on a suddain *Don Diego* and his Mirmidons drew their Swords, and interrupted the innocent Musicians with a *who goes there?* and that in such a Tone, as did not at all accommodate with the sweetness of their Harmony. *Don Ruiz*, who had no fancy to be known, and who had Commanded his Musick not to tell who it was had set them on work, counterfeited his voice to give an answer to the Author of that impertinent question *who goes there*, who so insolently disturb'd their entertainment : By good luck for both these Nocturnal Gladiators, who had

had taken care to have all their *Flambeaux* put out, the Night was so dark there was not a Star to be seen, nor any thing but the Commet, which had been seen no more than the rest, had it not been in the middle Region of the Air; besides there was at that time a New Moon, as (by way of Parenthesis) the ensuing Calculation will demonstrate.

It was in the year 1454. when *Don Alvaro de Lune* was much troubled in his mind, about the loss of his Head, and all this happen'd which I speak of; it was 216 years since & the Epact was 28. The Feast of *St. Blanche*, which changed not, its place fell out at the same time as it does now, viz. on the 27. of *July*, and every one knows 27 and 28 makes 55. and that *March, April, May, June, and July*, makes sixty, Ergo it was New Moon the same Night as aforesaid.

This darkness I say was the cause that our Gladiators who were afraid to mistake and to run one another thorow, contented themselves with fencing, and made not their passes so home, as those do who are used to lay people upon their backs. The clashing of their Swords, and the
cries

cryes of a young Fidler whose *Guitarre* was crackt in the Combate, call'd in all such of the Neighbourhood as could digest the sight of a naked Weapon : *Don Ruis* who foresaw what happen'd, and had no mind to be known, obliged his Consorts to follow him, and then stole away before Candles could be brought : and *Don Diego* on the otherside apprehending his Rivals retreat, was but a Stratagem to drill him into some other place where he might fall upon him again with more advantage, he continued where he was, and concluded himself Conqueror, because they had left him the field.

Whilst *Don Ruis* made his retreat, the Count *de Benevent*, an old Testy grisse headed fellow, but one that had wit enough to know that all these Serenades and quarrels must needs be about his Daughter, ran with as much hast as the best, and in spite of some fits of kindness which he had now and then for *Don Diego*, he fell upon him most bitterly in words, and forbid him ever coming to his house again, if he had a mind to march off with as many Limbs as he came

came in with; assuring him that he took no delight to have his Daughter made the object of their Nocturnal follies, which were good for nothing but to disturb the sleep of the Neighbourhood, and when he had said this, he return'd as briskly as he came; *Blanche*, who from her Window heard every word that pass betwixt her Father and her Gallant, and was ignorant upon what occasion *Don Diego* had drawn his Sword, was much troubled to see him treated at that rate, for notwithstanding all the tricks he had serv'd her she could not but love him, as well as her self.

But though *Blanche* was as much vext, as well she could be, yet I am of opinion *Don Diego* was more; the jealousy he brought along with him to take the diversifement of the Musick, gave him an ill Mornings Lesson, and as an addition to his misfortune; the appearance of things furthered his belief of what that had suggested before; besides, the warning the Count *de Benevent* had given him, for coming near his house any more, and the threats he heard him give his Daughter into the Street, if ever she receiv'd

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him, were no little trouble to his thoughts : He set himself to listen for some time, what answer *Blanche* would make to his Father, but that attention was lost, for *Blanche* being too cunning to exasperate him, who was too Cholerick of himself, kept her tongue betwixt her teeth, and gave him no answer at all, which *Don Diego* interpreted her ready obedience, and that she was glad to have so fair a pretence as the authority of her Father to banish a Servant from her presence, whom she had already betray'd. When he had fancied as he pleased, he discharg'd his Musick, and went to bed to try if he could sleep.

The next Morning *Don Ruiz* writ a Note to *Beatrice* without subscription, or direction, to understand from her what had past after he was come away : and when he had writ, he could not devise who to send it by so securely, that it might not be known to come from him, in case he should be seen to deliver it; when he had made two or three of his own people change their Clothes two or three times, but could not think them sufficiently disguis'd, he went to *Don Gus-*
man

man to let him know his Adventures the Night before, and to impart to him the trouble he was in; *Don Gusman* was glad of any occasion to oblige him, offer'd him *Mandocce*, and *Don Ruis* having considered he had not been long enough in *Toledo* to be known, gave him his Note, pay'd the Porter by way of advance, and instructed him as well as he could, commanding that if he was examin'd at the Count *de Benevent*'s house to whom he did belong, he should say he was a Kinsman of *Mistress Beatrixes*, but above all not to lose one word of the answer she made him; Away he went with his dispatch and stay'd under *Blanches* appartement about half an hour walking up and down with his hands upon his Breech, that if *Beatrix* by accident should look out of the Window, she might see he had a Ticket to deliver to her. *Don Diego de Stuniga*, who was naturally as curious as *Don Ruis* for his heart, and who as things then stood with his amours, had much more reason to be so, had clapt *Ordogno* upon the Sentry, who watcht till the old Count *de Benevent* had done ranting with his Daughter, that he might give his

Master notice, who was at a Friends house next door to the Counts. The jealous *Don Diego's* Spy, who wanted no wit, discover'd *Mandocé* immediately, and not doubting but that they were both there upon the same errand, (though there was much difference in the dexterity of their Conduct) and a while after observing the Count *de Benevent* to depart, he went forthwith to his Master with the News, and to put him into a better humour, he told him *Don Cusman's* Man *Mandocé* was walking under *Blanche's* appartement, which he conceiv'd he would not have done, but upon some design.

Whilst *Ordogno* was gone to discharge himself to his Master, *Beatrix* look'd out of the Window by chance, and *Mandocé* held up the Ticket betwixt his Fingers to signifie it was to be delivered to her: The Virgine, who knew nothing of *Mandocé*, but was more curious in her self, then both her Mistresses Gallants, no sooner saw the Note, but she had like to have broke her Neck down the Stairs with hast to see from whence it should come: That she might not be seen to receive it in the open street, she took *Mandocé* into

a great Court, and ask'd him from whence it came, and from who? *Mandocce* told her, that as soon as she should read it, she would know: *Beatrix* reply'd she would know beforehand, or she would never read it whilst she lived: *Mandocce* return'd, that he was commanded only to deliver it to her, and that he would not transgress his Commission for all the Chamber-Maids in the Town. Whilst they were in the midst of these Ceremonies, *Don Diego* stole into them unperceived, and to put an end to the controversie, snatcht it out of *Mandocce's* hand, open'd it as hastily as he could, and read it with as much hast as he open'd it: To comfort him against what he had suffer'd the day before, he found these words.

I did punctually follow the Counsel you gave me, and what advantage soever Don Diego may pretend to have had over me last Night, I retired, more as a respectful Friend than a timorous Rival; make hast to inform me of his misfortunes as you have promis'd, and be pleas'd to acquaint me with what happen'd after I was gone.

Mandocce was too well bred to interrupt *Don Diego* whilst he was reading the Note he snatcht out of his hand, but when he had done, he desir'd him very civilly if he had no further use of it, to return it to him again; and *Don Diego* to pay him according to his deserts, gave him five or six good knocks over the pate with a well sized Cane he had that day by accident in his hand, and told him as obligingly as he could, that he beat him less out of kindness to him, than to do right to *Don Gusman*: At the noise *Mandocce* made, who ran away peaceably with his Sword by his side, *Blanche*, putting her head out at the Window, and perceiving *Don Diego*, came down presently to him, and express'd a sensible regret of what he had suffer'd for her sake the night before, promising to mollifie the passion of her Father in such manner, that he should revoke his prohibition, and possibly permit him to visit her again before Night. *Don Diego*, who kept the Note still in his hand which he had taken from *Mandocce*, and look'd upon *Blanche* as a Jugler who could frame her Countenance as she pleas'd, ask'd her very coolly to whom she thought

thought that Note did belong? To you sure, said she, whom my Father treated last Night in so strange a manner, that I know not which way to make you a proportionable excuse: That which ought to satisfy you (if you love me) is, that that very moment I was much concern'd for the displeasure my Father had given you, and do assure you, you are not so ill in his opinion, as you are well in mine: For whil'st he forbid you my Company, at that very instant of time, I gave you so great an Empire over my heart, that I paid you with interest for that, which with so much injustice he took away. Ah! perfidious Woman, reply'd *Don Diego*, how are you accustomed to these impostures, that are't arrived to this perfection already! *Blanche*, who knew *Don Diego* had cause enough to be offended, but knew also that it was not by any fault of hers, was surprized at such gross language, I know, said she, *Don Diego* you have reason to be angry, and that persons of your Quality cannot easily digest such affronts as you have receiv'd; but you ought to consider I was not conscious at all, and therefore cannot guess why I

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should

should be used at this rate, unless your
 design be to revenge my Fathers iniquity
 upon me, and to repell the injury you
 expected not from him, by an affront
 which I expected less from you: I confess,
 Madam, replied *Don Diego* ironically,
 I do you much injury, and that I am to
 blame to speak so irreverently to the most
 faithful person alive, your constancy,
 which nothing is able to shake, and
 which will one day be quoted as an ex-
 ample to all your Sex, ought to be look'd
 upon as a Prodigy; and though *Don Gus-*
man be as well bred a man as may be,
 and has parts answerable to his Educa-
 tion, the respects he has so industriously
 endeavour'd to express towards you, have
 not been able to prevail with you to desert
 your first Lover. Go, go, ingrateful
 Woman as thou art, (in a manner less
 ironically than before, and much more
 disobliging) Go, answer this Letter he
 has sent you, which you will not have
 the pleasure to peruse, but after me, and
 do not suffer him to languish, for what
 you so kindly have promis'd. The heart
 which you have return'd from me to make
 a present to him, is not worth what it
 has

has cost me already, and instead of his advantaging himself by my unhappiness, (as you have flatter'd him doubtless) it is I will make my advantage of his, seeing I escape the perfidiousness of a Woman, who upon the first occasion will sacrifice him for another, as easily as she has sacrificed me for him.

Blanche who understood no more what he meant, than if he had spake to her in *Greek*, caus'd *Beatrice* to take up the Letter which the uncivil *Don Diego* had almost thrown at her head, and seem'd much surprized when she had read alow'd what it contain'd. She look'd upon *Beatrice* with a stern Eye, and demanded from whom she had receiv'd it, threatening to send her packing that very day unless she immediately unridled that mysterie, which in appearance render'd her guilty, though in her thoughts she could not accuse her : *Beatrice* who had hearken'd to this mischievous Letter with more attention when *Blanche* read it, than when it was read by *Don Diego*, guess'd presently it must needs come from *Don Luis*, but in so ticklish a point she thought it best to disown it : She
answer'd

answer'd her Mistress with a confidence
 that bordered upon impudence, that she
 neither knew the person that brought it,
 nor he that writ it; and for that reason
 had refused to receive it, when *Don Diego*
 impatient to see what was in it, snatch'd
 it away by force, and that the greatest
 fault he had committed, was that he
 contented himself only with cudgelling
 the Messenger, whereas in prudence he
 ought to have stop'd him, and to have
 made him discover both his own Name
 and the persons which sent it: By this
 that I see, the Mistress and the Maid
 have their Lessons very well, reply'd
Don Diego, he that did not know them,
 would scarce believe his own Eyes; and I
 know no person who to hear them tell
 their Stories so exactly, would not un-
 dertake to justify their innocence. But
 know, thou unconstantest of thy Sex,
 (continued the furious *Don Diego*,) that
 the more art thou uselt to conceal thy
 infidelity, the more thou dost confirm me
 in my belief, and the calm which appears
 upon thy face, gives me greater assurance
 of thy perfidie; were you more disturb'd
 than you are, I should have thought the
 crime

crime of which I accuse you, had proceeded from your weakness, and your astonishment would have been a sign of your repentance, but the guilty assurance wherewith you endeavour to outface the indignation to which you have forc'd me, demonstrates the pleasure and delight you have taken to offend me, and the less confus'd you appear when I convince you of infidelity, the more reason I have to believe, you would serve me so again, should I be so idle as to put it into your power. Have you done Sir, reply'd *Blanche*, and will you vouchsafe to hear me as patiently, as I have done you? What can you say ingrateful woman, reply'd *Don Diego*, that I can have patience to hear? I will tell you reply'd *Blanche*) that in appearance 'tis true I may be criminal, but had you loved me as tenderly as I believed, my past conduct would have pleaded sufficiently in my behalf, to have made you justify me your self; and have perswaded you, (that were not our hearts so strictly united as they are) the interest of my honour alone would have been consideration enough to have deter'd me from doing any thing
that

that might be a reproach to my duty : Your choller, (which I should not condemn, if to this very day any one of my actions had given you authority to suspect me) has refused to hear any thing that should speak for me ; and though indignation and innocence be inseparable, I will constrain my self, and pass by what I might in justice conceive, (seeing I am innocent, and your Mistress) to let you understand that I know nothing of this Letter, nor from whose hands it comes, you, and *Don Luis de Moncada* are the two only persons which ever pretended love to me, and yours has been so happy alone, as to be favourably receiv'd. As for *Don Gusman*, for so (if I be not mistaken) you call him, I do assure you upon my honour and faith, I know no such person, and though you have describ'd him to be so fine a Gentleman, I do not yet find I have any inclination to see him ; and since I have taken the pains to assure it, I hope I may be believ'd as soon as a Letter without a Name. The Serenade also which was so pleasant last Night, reply'd the incredulous *Don Diego*, will not you say you knew not who made it ? What Serenade ?

nade? said the innocent *Blanche*, interrupting him in good earnest, did I receive any but what you gave me your self, which was so unfortunately disturb'd by the accident that befell you? By Heavens Madam, reply'd *Don Diego*, (for in the fury he was, he could not forbear swearing,) your heart must be very false, that you dare pretend to be ignorant of a thing you understand as well as I: 'Tis I, unfaithful creature, who was so weak as not to endure you should receive any satisfaction from another, and like a fool as I was, interrupted that Musick which was given by your own Order, as appears by the precise words of the Letter which I deliver'd to you my self; do not think unfaithful wretch that thou art, (continued he) that I attended so late, to inform my self of your infidelity; it was not without great violence to my self, that I forbore letting you know my suspicions, whilst I had but bare probabilities of your treachery, but now having got irrefragable proofs, it is impossible I should restrain my self from telling you, that it is not of yesterday I began to disentangle my heart, and have concluded to day
to

to take it back again to my self, and to present it to another as great a Beauty, and not so perfidious as you : Then take your heart again if you will have it, reply'd the modest *Blanche*, but take it so as not to reflect upon that which I have given you, and do not accule me of infidelity, to paliate your own. All that I can say is, that if any other person but you, contriv'd to give me the Serenade last night, he is but ill requited for his pains, for it was to you alone I thought my self obliged, and notwithstanding what you have seen or can see in the Letter you give me, I have told you already I thought I might have been believ'd as well as that : Not but that there was mischief doubtless design'd thereby; and, if one refers to appearance, your complaint is not unreasonable : but to judge things as they are, it is not so true, that you have reason to complain, as it is certain that I am not the occasion, and that I know as little who gave me the Serenade, as who sent the Letter I receiv'd ; in short Sir, continued she, though you told me not expressly that it was long since you began to withdraw your affections from

from me, I am not so weak but I could discern by the doggedness of your humour, that you were weary of me, and without any necessity of your insulting over that little beauty which I have, I do not doubt but you did it to bestow them upon a person much handsomer than I, but as wise and caution as you think your self, it may perhaps cost you more trouble than you imagine, to find one more faithful. This is that I had to say to you, not so much to satisfy my self, as to disabuse you : if I can unfold the mysterie of the Serenade, and Letter, I shall discover it to you ; but be not so ridiculous to believe that the fear of losing such a one as you, could make me act in so obliging a manner, I am not so solicitous of recovering a place in your heart, as to give you the true Portraiture of mine, which let me tell you is too high to stoop to any expostulation with you, though it be to justify my self : The mysterie of the Serenade and Letter reply'd *Don Diego*, is not so intricate as you would make me believe ; and you had much better have told me you could not hinder *Don Gusman* from loving you, from placing
Musick

Musick under your Windows, and from writing to you if he had a mind to it, but that his affections displeased you, that you did not rise out of your Bed in your Smock to listen to his Harmony, and that though he did write, you never answer'd them: if you had said thus it might have agreed with what I have both seen and heard, and if it had not been true, I should haue betray'd my self so far, as to have believ'd it might have been probable; but to acknowledge nothing, is to confess your self guilty of all, and things being so, I leave you to enjoy your new conquest in peace, Farewel. It was before he was aware that *Don Diego* said Farewel, for though he had a mind to quarrel along time, he intended it not so far, but the word being once out, he thought it dishonourable to stay one minute longer, and forasmuch as the *Spaniards* are great Politicians, he thought it better to be angry by himself, than to abate the least tittle of his gravity.

Whilst *Blanche*, and *Don Diego* were in their quarrels, or rather whilst *Blanche* was hearing him quarrel, *Mandoce*, who was gone to find out *Don Luis*, (at that time

time with *Don Gusman* in *Elvira's* Chamber, told him the entertainment he had met with, and what became of the Letter he carried. *Don Gusman*, who was not of an humour to put up any affront, ask'd him, in some heat, in what fashion he was beat? *I* cannot tell you Sir, reply'd *Mandoce*, after what fashion I was beat, but it is apparent the Gentleman who gave himself that trouble, thought me a person of no extraordinary fashion, or he would never have used me in that fashion: You told him without doubt you belong'd to me, reply'd *Don Gusman*, and the capricious *Don Diego*, consider'd you no more for that. I know not what Devil might tell him I belong'd to you, reply'd *Mandoce*, but so far was I from being consider'd for that, that the obliging Gentleman whose marks I have the honor to wear, did me the favour to knock me down with his kindness, which for my part *I* could be contented withall, and were it not but that he searches occasion to do you prejudice both in your private & publick name, my back and he should have no more difference for the future: It must of necessity be, said *Elvira*, *Don*

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Diego

Diego takes you for his Rival, or else he would never have used him so barbarously. Without doubt, Madam, he does, reply'd *Mandocce*, for in reading the Letter, (for the carriage of which he paid me in such currant Money) the word Rival was in his mouth a quarter of an hour together; and it was as the humble Servant of his Rival that I was regal'd with half a dozen good blows of his Cane. You should have undeceiv'd him, reply'd *Don Ruis*, when you found him levelling at your Shoulders, and told him from whom the Letter came, to have stopt the fury of his passion.: What should I have gain'd by that, reply'd the judicious *Mandocce*, with great reason? besides that you expressly forbid me, it was only the Carrier of the Letter *Don Diego* desired to beat: and if I should have told him it came from you, I should have changed my Master, but not my employment. Seeing then I could not avoid it, what matter is it for whose sake I was beaten.

Don Gusman, who was very sensible of the affront *Don Diego* had offer'd, told *Don Ruis* that he was resolv'd to require satisfaction that very day. 'Tis to me, reply'd

reply'd *Don Ruiz* the affront was offer'd, because it was intended by *Don Diego* to his Rival, 'tis to me therefore the satisfaction is due. Without being his Rival, reply'd the Master of the Stockfish, I can be his enemy, since he has given me provocation, for not content to have declar'd himself mine, in abusing my Servant, he reiterated my Name for fear I should doubt it, and therefore I cannot, without a Cowardize you your self would condemn, pretend to be ignorant of so manifest an injury. To satisfie you that the affront was not to you, reply'd *Don Ruiz*, who was very unwilling *Don Gusman* should run away with the honour of the revenge, it is clear, had I not writ the Note which *Don Diego* read, there had perhaps never been any difference betwixt you; besides *Mandoce* did not belong to you when the insolence was committed, it was to me he belong'd, you had made me his Master for that time, and it was in my business he was employ'd, so that as Rival to *Don Diego*, or Master of the Servant he beat, to me the injury is done, and to me the reparation belongs: In this manner they contested

for some time, to whom the honour of the quarrel did properly appertain, but neither would yield it to the other, and both concluded to take their opportunities to be reveng'd. But *Elvira*, to whom the tattling Goddess call'd Report had signified that *Don Diego* was a brave and valiant man, and who by consequence had reason to apprehend the lives of the two dearest Friends she had in the world, was alarmed at their resolution, and used all possible Rhetorick to prevent their engagement: But all would do no good, and for that time, both her Brother and her Servant were deaf to her perswasions.

Mandocce, who had heard all the dispute, and who to return the Complement he had receiv'd from *Don Diego*, would have been glad at his heart to have seen him paid in his own Coyn, affirm'd that the person on whom they were so eager to be reveng'd, had affronted them equally both the one and the other, and advis'd them to make a sure end of the quarrel, to assault him together, for one falling on before and the other behind, there was less danger, and more certainty of effecting their design.

The

The unquiet *Elvira*, who upon any terms whatsoever desired to prevent a Combat whose issue was like to be doubtful, and had no time to spare, left her two Champions in her Chamber, and conjuring them not to stir till she return'd, she pretended to go to Mass, and to pray to God so effectually, that he should turn them from their design,

Don Gusman, who was very tender of his honour, and willing to evade whatever *Elvira* could say, told her God would not hear her Prayers upon that point, and then presented her with his hand to have conducted her thither, but she refus'd him very civilly, and not without reason.

When she was got out of the house, instead of going to Mass as she had perswaded them, she turn'd into the first Alley which was convenient for her design, and call'd for her Vail, which *Lacinta* carried alwayes about her, (for in *Spain* the Maids and the Married Wives have this good quality, they will sooner want a Smock than a Vail, the permission they have to wear them, and the prohibition to unvail them upon any occa-

sion, is look'd upon by them as one of the best contrivances in the world, for by that means any Woman who has but slipt on her Vayle, has the convenience of making her Husband a Cuckold, if she pleases even in his sight, and he dares not be so audacious as to interrupt her, unless he will be Fin'd. I say, as soon as the provident *Elvira* was got out, takes her Vayle, and commanded *Jacinta* to do the like, instead of going to Mals, she went to find out *Don Diego*, to try if she could prevent the mischief she presaged. It was so little time since he had parted with *Blanche de Pimentel*, that his anger was still evident in his face: Being not us'd to receive visits from any Woman but his Mistress, who had the goodness to see him now and then, he was surprized so much at that which *Elvira* gave him, that had not she brake the ice, and began, he had been at a great loss to have entertained her. I could wish, said she to *Don Diego* as soon as she was come in, you would vouchsafe me the liberty of two or three words in private, Command, I beseech you, your Servant to withdraw, and give him directions if any
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one inquires for you, whilst I am here, to say you are not within, because it is of some importance to me not to be surprized in your Company : *Don Diego*, who thought he could not make her a civeller answer, than by doing what she desired, commanded *Ordogno* to go out, and to be sure to let no body come in : To inform you sir of the occasion which brought me hither, said *Elvira* (when she saw *Ordogno* gone) Know that an action you have done this Morning, have created you two Enemies who are contriving against your life, each of which are possibly able to put you to the best exercise of your Valour and Skill : So that though your fortune should be able to give you any advantage over one, your life would be in the same danger whilst the other is living, and he perhaps will be able to perpetrate that, in which his Comrade miscarryed : To rescue you from this danger impending, and prevent the mischief may follow, my perswasion is that you would absent your self only for three or four dayes, and my promise that within that time I will accommodate all things without any diminution to your honour : Or if

your affection for *Blanche de Pimentel* will not dispense with your absence, let me desire that your Servants may give out you are gone a short Journey into the Countrey, or at least conceal your self for this day: Though you do not know me, I have so great a share in your concerns, that I shall be obliged to you for any care you shall take of your self, and shall take all opportunities of making my acknowledgments, if you will be so favourable as to grant my request.

Don Diego being amazed to hear himself so civilly perswaded to his dishonour, by a person of her fashion, scarce knew at first what he was to do, having a little recollected, he reply'd, I am as much obliged to you Madam, as is possible for your great care and solicitude in my behalf, and could wish by an obedience *ex tempore* it were lawful for me to gratifie your kindness; but you know Madam, that let my Enemies be as many, and as brave as they can, so far is it from being convenient I should avoid them, that my honour obliges me to prevent them, and if I should withdraw my self in obedience to you: All that know of
my

my absence, would not guess the occasion, Besides Madam my life is not in so much danger as you imagine; if my fortune should be adverse, I would persuade you not to be afraid, seeing if my Enemies be Gallant (as you have represented) they must of necessity be generous. If your honour obliges you to accept the Challenge which they are resolv'd to send, reply'd *Elvira*, the interest of your Mistress, who would not perhaps the whole Town should discourse of your commerce in my judgment dissuades it: Can you believe she will take it well to have so nice a secret discover'd? and if you love her, as she deserves, is it not better to sacrifice a punctilio of your own honour, than to commit such violence upon hers? *Don Diego*, who as things then stood, thought never to reconcile himself to *Blanche*, whom he believ'd he had convicted of Treason, before he took his leave, conceiv'd his own honour much dearer to him, than the honour of another person, who in appearance took so little care of it herself, and that it would be much better to revenge himself of a beloved Rival, than to regard an ungrateful

ful Mistress, How does it concern you I beseech you Madam, reply'd he to her, if I devulge a thing which has no reference to you? Were you actuated by your own proper interest, and that I were certain to do you Service by my obedience, your beauty perhaps would be able to make me forget my obligation; but the hazard I run, and the consideration of *Blanche*, are not worthy the trouble you have taken, and if you will give me liberty to be free, I should be ashamed to sacrifice my reputation for a person whose interests I do not think my self obliged to espouse. Alas! reply'd *Elvira* (whom this Gentlemans reasons could not discourage) since you are so courteous as to grant that to my request, which you will not do to the consideration of your self, or of the person you ought to respect the most of all people, know that all my happiness depends upon your Compliance, and you may do me the greatest service imaginable : To convince you (but upon condition that the secret I impart, may go no further) I have an esteem greater than ordinary for one of your two adversaries, and which way soever fortune

tune disposes of the event, if you ingage, it is impossible but I must suffer, being under a necessity of losing his life, if he should be overcome, or his company if he be forced to abscond: This Sir is the true reason of my request, and I do once more beg you to absent yourself, and to believe that I will so manage things in the interim, you shall in no wayes prejudice your reputation, but find it as intire, and in the same state you left it.

As to your secret, Madam, reply'd *Don Diego*, it is as safe, as if I were not privy to it at all, but as to the rest, it is not possible to satisfy you fully, had it not been for you, perhaps your Servant and I had made an end of our quarrel before this, for I had certainly gone out to seek him, had not you enter'd as you did; so that all I can do, Madam, to oblige you, is, so far to restrain my resentment, as not to draw upon *Don Gusman*, out of my respects to your Ladiship (for doubtless he is the person has the honour to please you) but as I will not assault, so I cannot avoid him, and as often as he speaks to me like a Gentleman, so often he shall see in what manner I can give him an answer,

Elvira,

Elvira, and *Don Diego* were arguing at this rate, when they were suddenly interrupted by a persons chiding at *Ordogno* that he would not suffer her to enter, till he had advertis'd his Master she desir'd to speak with him : and who should this person be, but *Blanche de Pimentel*, who after *Don Diego* had left her in such a rage, resolv'd to turn away poor *Beatrix* immediately, if she would not discover who the Letter (which she read) came from : the poor Wench, being sensible of the loss of so many Silk Gowns, besides Whisks, and Old Linnen, confess'd her whole commerce with *Don Ruiz*, which she no sooner understood, but she took her away with her to *Don Diego*, to let him see how unjustly he had been offended. I cannot imagine the reason, said she as she came in, why *Ordogno* should treat me this day as a Stranger, and that-----Excuse me Madam if you please, cry'd she, when turning about she saw *Elvira*, whom before she did not see, I did not know *Don Diego* was so happily imploy'd, I should have been unwilling to have quarrell'd with any of his Servants, if he scrupled a thing which
he

he never did before, had I believ'd he had done it by his Masters command. *Elvira*, who expected not to be surprized with *Don Diego*, knew not what answer to make, and happy it was for her that her *Vayle* being on, she conceal'd the confusion she was in. *Don Diego* who after the rattle he had given his Mistress, look'd for nothing less than a visit from her, was in as much disorder as *Elvira*, and could not suddainly compose himself, but believing he had sufficiently convinc'd her of her falshood, and by consequence given her more reason to be astonish'd, than himself; he recover'd himself and ask'd her, if by way of reprisal she was come to quarrel with him? No, reply'd *Blanche*, I am come to convince you of your errour, and to acquaint you what I have discover'd touching the Letter this Morning, and the Serenade last Night, but at present you are not at leisure to hear me, and if you were in so good an humour, I should not be so disobliging to desire to interrupt the pleasure you receive from that Lady, whose entertainment without doubt is much more acceptable, than any thing I can say: The
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Complement wherewith you have the goodness to regal me, Madam, reply'd *Elvira*, who was much troubled to be found there in Original, would be the beginning of a quarrel, should I answer it in the same dialect: but I am mistaken if the best and most agreeable Service I can do you, be not to leave this place, where I suppose you are not overjoy'd to have found me: Madam I take my leave, and (for the better composure of your mind) do assure you I design no advantage by the difference betwixt you, and your Servant: adieu. And as soon as she had said that word, she departed; *Don Diego*, had the impertinence to take her by the hand, and attend her down the Stairs, and *Blanche* had the patience to behold it: At his return, he ask'd her what she had to say to him? She reply'd, nothing, only you were very unkind to desire I should not see the charming Lady to whom you have given the heart you thought me unworthy of, if her beauty, which without doubt when you heard me, you caus'd her to Vayle) be suitable to her shape, I grant your inconstancy is excusable, and that she has where-
withall

withall to justifie your crime : But certainly you might have afforded me a view, if not in kindness, at least in revenge, seeing the secret displeasure I should have taken to find her so handsome, would not have been the least part of the trouble your desertion would have caused in me.

Good God Madam, for a person so witty as you think your self, reply'd *Don Diego*, 'tis very ill clearing your self of a crime of which you are convict, by imputing another to me that has so little appearance ! I would it were as easie for you to evince you never had any kindness for *Don Gusman*, as it is for me to justifie I never saw the face of that Lady before, whom I conducted down the Stairs. And Good God, Mounfieur, reply'd *Blanche*, for a man so wise as you think your self, you can give but slight reasons to excuse your self from a crime of which mine own eyes can witness you are guilty : If you never had seen the person you conducted, you would not, contrary to your custome have clapt Guards upon your Door, to give you time to conceal her, before I could get into your Chamber :

I surprized you with her, because I would not be perswaded to wait at your Door till *Ordogno* gave you notice I was there : and if there were nothing but this caution, it were enough to demonstrate you apprehended the coming of some person which you had betray'd. I perceive *Madam*, reply'd the incorrigible *Don Diego*, I did you no injury when I demanded at your entrance, whether you came to quarrel with me or not : The manner of your action shows, that if you can find but the least occasion, your disposition is ready enough, and I do not doubt but you would convince me of infidelity if you could, to make it conspicuous to the world that you had reason to be so your self : But as ungrateful a wretch as you are, I will love you still, if it be but to be reveng'd, and in spight of all I have said, leave my heart with you, till yours be engaged beyond all redemption to the person which you have thought good to prefer before me. The confidence you had to demand if I came to quarrel you at my entrance, reply'd *Blanche*, is no mark of your fidelity : you could not have foreseen you should be chiden, had
you

you not been sensible in your own Conscience you deserv'd it ; and perhaps I had not accus'd you, had not your diffidence, and discomposure assured me you had offended. My visit was only in kindness, & to let you understand *Don Gusman* was none of the person gave me the Serenade the other Night, nor did the Letter which made all this disturbance, come from him. To quiet your Spirits, and make them as calm, as they were tempestuous of late, I could have told you the Name of your mysterious Rival, whose Nocturnal Gallantry I imputed to you, and to leave you not the least scruple in your Soul, I had told you by what means I came to make my discovery ; but seeing you have retain'd no concern for me or my interests since the late conquest you have made, it would be in vain for me to tell you, what you are so indifferent to know. Besides it would be imprudence in me (now you have forsaken me) to create so formidable an enemy, to the only friend I have remaining in the world : Do not abuse me Madam, reply'd the undaunted Cavalier, I may perhaps be considerable enough to re-

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venge

venge your perfidiousness upon your charming image, and to find a passage to that heart where you have so treacherously permitted it to be engraven. Not Madam, but (as I suppose I have told you before) the loss I sustain is too light to merit any serious resentment; That which is my greatest trouble is, that I discover'd your fallacy no sooner, but (like a Sot) kept my fidelity inviolable to the most volatile and unconstant person alive. At this Rate, reply'd *Blanche*, your jealous fancies are in me effectual crimes, and your effectual crimes, but meer fancies in me? Tell me Madam, I beseech you, reply'd *Don Diego*, interrupting her with his impatience, to find my Rival at one a Clock at Night under your Window regaling you with a Serenade, to snatch away a Letter the next Morning out of the hand of one of his Servants, in which it was set down in express terms, that he had observ'd your directions exactly, and that he conjured you to hasten the promise you made him, of making him happy, by my misfortune, is this a vision, is all this but fancy: Tell me Sir I beseech you reply'd *Blanche*, in the

the same Note, To find a Lady in your Chamber about Noon; to force a Sentinel you had plac'd at your door to keep me out, for fear by accident I might surprize you: To find you confounded at my coming in, not so much with my goodness in giving you a visit, as with shame for being taken in the very act of your treachery: To hear your new Mistress tell me, that there are differences betwixt you and I, and that we are divorc'd, which is a secret of so little standing, she could not have it possibly from any but you: To see you, in short, act the part of a Rediculous Coxcomb, rather than hawk any occasion of disobliging me, and in the presence of another, to wait upon a Lady down the Stairs, without the least civility or complement to her you left behind: Tell me Sir, you that are so expert in Visions, is this that I have insisted on, one? As to the Lady you accuse me of loving, I have explain'd my self before, reply'd *Don Diego*, and have told you I did not know her; And I have told you as much about *Don Gusman*, reply'd *Blanche*, yet you would not believe me, though you never found him

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in my Chamber, as I did the person you speak of, this Morning in yours : the person which you say is, (at least in your Eye) as fair, if not fairer than I, but you will take your Oath, a hundred times truer. That which I esteem the most obliging part of your proceedings, is that you gave me some preparation against what I should see : but you should have compleated your kindness, and not have been angry with me, that you might have a pretence to reassume that heart which you had dispos'd of to her, and which I would willingly have restored, had you told me civilly that she had desir'd it. I see, continued *Blanche* by your gaping you have a mind to tell me once more that you never saw her before, but so unreasonable an excuse ought not (in my judgment) to proceed from a person of any sense, nor be admitted by any reasonable Creature : and it had been much better if you had pretended, that if so fair a Lady as that, had an inclination to you, it was against your will, you could not help it. That it would not have consisted with the generosity you profess, to have deny'd her your hand, when

when she had honoured you with a visit, and that indeed you did tell her of the difference betwixt us : But that you did in no wayes answer or encourage the affection she had for you, That her visits, (which you suffer only in Complacency to her) are exceedingly troublesome, and that leaving me in so great a passion as you did, and finding his attending you when you came home, some words relating to a divorce might possibly fall from you; This would have agreed in some measure with what I saw, and thought had not been true, I might have been satisfied that it was probabable : But to confess nothing, is to be guilty of all, and your obstinacy in denying your crime, is an evidence you have no sence or contrition for it. Farewel my dear and faithful *Don Diego*; said she (with a wray mouth, and a curse to the ground) enjoy your new conquest in peace, and place no more Sentinels at your dore, if I be the only person you are afraid of.

Never was man in that confusion as *Don Diego*, when he saw this was no raillery, but that *Blanche* was in very

good earnest. The Devil take me, said he to himself (or else the *Spanish* Original lyes) if any thing be more strange, than what has happen'd to me. I know the person which went from hence but now, trucks me, but why do I say trucks? the unworthy wretch does worse, she sells me to another. I know she loves *Don Gusman*, and were I such a Sot as to desire to doubt it, I could not: I am a witness my self that the last night she had a Serenade given her by his order, and for her more perfect conviction I intercepted a Letter, in which in very plain and intelligible Characters I found that I was to be the Cokes, I was to be sacrificed to him, had any one told me of this falshood, and I had treated her thus ill, upon their information, I confess my proceedings would have been severe, but in my judgment nothing is more natural than to believe ones eyes, yet in spite of the intelligence they gave me, and all that I can swear for my self, it is I must be reproacht, 'tis I that am inconstant.

These reflexions possibly might have employ'd him for a longer time, had they
not

been interrupted by one of his Servants who brought him word there was a Gentleman at the Door desir'd to speak with him, but he would not tell his name, and this was *Don Gusman* who after *Elvira's* return, being gone with *Don Ruiz* to Dine at Court, stole out from him whilst he was paying his Complements, and came to *Don Diego* for satisfaction for the injury he had done him. *Don Diego*, his indignation being up, and he glad of any person upon whom he might honourably discharge it, heard the occasion of *Don Gusman's* coming thither, with very great delight, and told him that notwithstanding *Blanche* was unfaithful, he would be an obstruction to his peaceable possession of her. I will leave you in the Errour I find you reply'd *Don Gusman*, and will willingly pass for your Rival, if I may pass for your Enemy also, for having affronted me as you have done, you are not worthy to be disabused. Whilst they were Hectoring one another at this Rate, the few words they spake before they went out were so high, they were overheard by his *Valet de Chambre*, who (not doubting but the way his Master and *Don*

Gusman were taking, was contrary to the way to Paradise,) ran presently to two or three Neighbours of his Masters acquaintance, who as soon as they had the alarm, ran with all diligence to the place where the Champions were to fight, resolv'd to prevent man slaughter, if they had the discretion but to stay till they came. Besides *Don Ruis*, (in whose judgment *Don Gusman* pass for one of the Worthies) having search'd him all over the Court to no purpose, began to suspect he had play'd him a trick, and for fear his friend should be before him, he stole presently after out of the Kings Anti-Chamber, and away he came in post hast to his Rivals Lodgings, where he arrived as the *Valet de Chambre* was returning with his Hue and Cry : *Don Ruis* who knew he belong'd to *Don Diego*, desir'd him to help him to speak with his Master if he were at home ; if not, that he would direct him where he might. *Ordogno*, looking upon him as one of the best friends his Master had in the world, told him he was gone to fight, and that if he would do a pious work, which God would doubtless reward either in this world or the next, he should

should make all possible speed to a place he named, where he might perhaps arrive time enough to save a precious soul. He had scarce ended his exhortation, but away went *Don Luis*, he was mounted upon an excellent Barb, who no sooner felt the importunity of his Spurs, but he fell a capring and bounding in such manner he threw all the dirt in his face, upon which he gave him many a fair curse, but without a Word of God or the Devil, for the general report is he never swore in his life.

In the mean time poor *Elvira*, who believ'd her Brother and *Don Gusman* all this while with the King, and doubted not but that at Night they would send *Don Diego* a Challenge to meet them next Morning, consider'd very solemnly with her self what course shewas to take, to prevent the mischief impending. She knew well enough her Authority with *Don Gusman* was absolute, and that he would lose a good part of his resentment, if she but vouchsaf'd him her Company and Discourse for a while, but this was not easily to be done in so short a time, at least in a place where they
 should

should be lyable to be surprized by her Brother. After she had debated, and considered seriously with her self, where she might entertain *Don Gusman* securely, she made a visit to *Blanche de Pimentel*, who was her particular friend, and told her the misfortune was like to befall her, she remonstrated to her that she was obliged to do her utmost to prevent it, because the lives both of her Brother and Servant were in evident danger; *Blanche*, who had no better friend than *Elvira*, and who at another time would have made no scruple to acquaint her with her inclinations to *Don Diego*, reply'd, that they might fight and kill one another if they pleas'd, without any offence to her: That *Don Diego* was a perfidious person, and had quarrell'd with her, that he might have a pretence to forsake her, and that it was not full two hours since she had surprized him with a brazen fac'd Woman in his Chamber, whom he had the insolence to prefer before her. Upon another occasion *Elvira* would possibly have suffer'd her to have continued longer in her error; but, besides that the danger her Brother was in, was sufficient

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to excuse the liberty she had taken in going to *Don Diego*, and that she believ'd herself too well in *Blanche's* opinion, for her to interpret it to her disadvantage; the time was too precious to lose it, in unprofitable mincings. She assured her therefore that she was the person surprized with *Don Diego*, told her the true occasion of her going to him, and in a moments time revived all the tenderness and affection she had formerly for her Servant, to whom she made an honor-reparation within herself, for her weakness in suspecting his fidelity. *Blanche*, to whom *Don Diego* was become the most auriable person in the world, tell presently to work with *Elvira*, to contrive which way these misfortunes might be diverted, seeing they were both equally concern'd: *Elvira* advis'd her to go herself to *Don Diego*, and us'd all the arguments which were necessary to persuade her, that he would grant that to the request of a Mistress, which he had refus'd to a person unknown; but *Blanche*, who was contented to make him secret reparations, and no other, told her she had rather he should
run

run his fortune, let the event be what it would, then to go to him first, after he had bid her farewell for ever : There is no way then, reply'd *Elvira*, but you must give me leave to meet *Don Gusman* in your Lodgings, I have some influence upon him, and am perswaded, if I desire him to forbear, and moderate his resentment, he will not refuse me ; for it is impossible for me to speak with him either in his appartement or my own, because my Brother will be apt to surprize us, so that unless you by your condescension do facilitate the means, I know no way to prevent what we both of us apprehend. That which you desire reply'd *Blanche*, is of more dangerous consequence to me, then going to *Don Diego* my self : Of this *Don Gusman* it is, he is jealous, and if it should come to his Ear that I entertain'd him in my Lodgings, it would not only confirm but increase his jealousy : To prevent his discovery, reply'd the witty *Elvira*, this way I will propose, *Don Gusman* at present is at Dinner with the King, from whence he will be returning in a very short time, if you please *Iacinta* shall go stay for him, and tell him

I desire to speak with him (without mentioning where) and then conduct him to the private Door in your appartement, where *Beatrix* may be ready to open it, and convey him by the back Stairs up into your Chamber, where I will be alone to receive him, so that *Don Diego* shall be so far from knowing *Don Gusman* was here, that *Don Gusman* shall not know it himself. And if my Father arrives whilst you are talking with *Don Gusman*, replies the cautious *Blanche*, and suspects me to have the least finger in any amorous intrigue, he is the most difficult man in the world to be satisfied, & unless the excuses be very good, he is very hard to be reconciled. Your Father, who plays at Chess every day after Dinner (which is a Game requires the most serious application) reply'd the insinuating *Elvira*, seldom comes home before Night : But if by accident any affair should bring him home, and *Don Gusman* in the house, nothing can be more easie, in my judgment, than to make his Escape. It never the less you apprehend his return, as it is possible he may, and *Beatrix* be imp'oy'd, when she should be conveying away *Don Gusman*,

Gusman, it is only her leaving the Door unlock'd, and I'll warrant him steal down so neatly of himself, that I'll defie the best fighted Parent in Christendom to perceive him.

The eloquent *Elvira* managed her arguments so well, and refell'd all *Blanches* objections with so much dexterity, that she comply'd with her insensibly, and granted her desire. Immediately *Iacinta*, who was the best Girl in the world for such an errand as that, had her Commission, and was dispatcht to attend for *Don Gusman*, and to bring him thither. Two or three Streets off she perceiv'd him coming at a distance in the Company of *Elvira's* Brother, both of them mounted upon Horses almost as well bred as their Masters; before he got up to her, on went her Vayle which she constantly carry'd in a Bag under her Oval Fardingale; and the two Cavaliers passing by without knowing her, after they had rid some few paces together, parted and went several wayes: *Don Gusman* made home with all possible speed (the *Spanish* Original sayes it was with a pain in his Belly) and *Don Ruiz* went whither he pleas'd:

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The ingenious *Iacinta* (whose wit was sufficient to carry on an amorous intrigue even to a *Non-plus ultra*, that is as far as it will go without Magick, or the help of the Devil) follow'd *Don Gasman* so fast, that she got into his Chamber just as he was got off of the stool : She told him she had something of importance to impart to him, and the courteous Gentleman had the civillity to bid her speak freely, as soon as he understood *Elvira* would speak with him, and that *Iacinta* would conduct him to the place where she attended him, Love (that little Raschally Miracle-maker) which inverts the order of Nature, changes the dispositions of the Elements, mollifies the most obdurate matter, petrifies the most tender, and to say all in a word converts the decrees of Fortune to the Sentences of a Subalternat Judge, from whence an appeal lyes to his Tribunal) constipated, or stoppt the Lark of the passionate Cavalier, who having taken his Sword, given himself five or six knocks with the Hilt of it, and put his Ruff into array, he follow'd his guide at a distance, who whilst she spake to him, had her Vayle off, but she put
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it on again before she went away, for fear of any accident : But by good luck, they neither of them met any thing to disturb them.

Don Gusman was introduc'd by a little private Door left open on purpose, and from thence by the back Stairs convey'd into the Appartement of *Blanche de Pimentel*, who having conjured *Elvira* to dispatch him as soon as she could, was retired into a Closet from whence she could hear what ever past betwixt them: *Elvira*, who loved *Don Gusman* very passionately, but yet had not sent for him to Complement or play the fool withall, askt him as soon as he enter'd, whether he continued his resolution of fighting, or not? *Don Gusman* reply'd, that business was done, and that *Don Diego* was neither his Enemy nor her Brothers : Is he dead? Good God! cry'd *Blanche*, and came immediately out of the Closet, without considering whether she did well or ill. No Madam, reply'd the respectful Cavalier (whom the suddainness of *Blanches* appearance had almost affrighted) he is not dead : and then as soon as he saw her recollected from the apprehension
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she conceiv'd, he proceeded thus, I do not ask Madam whence it happens that your Ladieship is so deeply concern'd for him, this I suppose, he must of necessity be either your friend or your Brother, and if he stand in either of those qualifications, I hold my self obliged to give you an accompt of what has past amongst us.

Our particular interests having brought *Don Diego*, and my self into the field, we were drawn one against another, and had began a combat that might have been fatal to one of us, when *Don Ruiz* came in upon the Spur, and cryed out to *Don Diego*, that he was mistaken I was not the enemy he suppos'd me to be, and that he was the person had receiv'd the affront, which he would vindicate himself without my assistance, *Don Diego* perhaps would have been perswaded to have chang'd his adversary, had I been a man that would have easily permitted it; but having told him he could not quit me to engage himself with another, without he confess'd himself overcome, he would by no means accept of any such terms: So that making at one another afresh, *Don*

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Ruiz

Ruis leapt off his Horse, and cast himself betwixt us, that *Don Diego* might not pass upon me, and when he address'd himself to him, I did the same; in this manner we contended for some time, when on a suddain some of our friends who had gotten notice of our quarrel, I know not how, came in to us, and in spite of all we could do to the contrary, would needs know what it was had put us into that posture. *Don Diego* perceiving there was a necessity of telling the truth, confess'd he was jealous of me, for endeavouring to debauch from him the person he loved above all others in the world, that the Night before I had given her a Serenade, and that this very Morning he had taken a Letter, out of the hands of a Servant of mine, which I had writ to her: *Don Ruis*, who interrupted me as I was making my answer, affirm'd I was so far from being his Rival, that I had never seen his Mistress, that it was he who the last Night gave her the Serenade which *Don Diego* disturb'd, that it was he writ the Letter which made such a noise, and borrow'd his man to convey it, not to the person they both were in love, but

but to *Beatrice*, her Maid: *Don Ruiz* had scarce explain'd himself thus far, but *Don Diego* acknowledging the injury he had done me, came to me, embrac'd me about the knees in the most penitent posture imaginable, and made me a thousand excuses which I receiv'd with as much civility as I could: After which, to accommodate the difference betwixt *Don Ruiz* and him, it was concluded by their Friends; that they had both of them good reason to be in love with so amiable a creature as *Blanche*, that two persons loving one thing so entirely, was a clear demonstration the thing was really and intrinsically precious; and that a Lover without a Rival was a sure sign his Mistress was without merit. The result of all was, that the two Cavaliers upon the arguments alledged by their friends, ought to conjure the person with whom they were enamoured, (whose name out of their respects to her, they would not discover) and they promi'd (seeing it was not possible for both of them to be so happy) to acquiesce in her Election: And thus Madam, whether I spake to his Sister or Mistress-----*Don Gusman* would

have gone on, as is easie to see by the abruptness of his going off, when *Beatrice* as much out of breath, as if she had come a farther Journey, enter'd into *Blanche's* Chamber, and told her that her Father, who by accident had got in at the private door, was coming up the Stairs Maudling that he had found it open, and that he had lock'd it and taken away the Key: Make hast then, reply'd *Blanche*, and conduct this Gentleman out at the other, but be sure you do it so cunningly that my Father may not see him. That's impossible Madam, reply'd *Beatrice*, your Father is too near: And no sooner had she said so, but two or three Hems which *Don Benavent* made, (who had constantly a Defluxion seven or eight Months in a year) confirm'd what she said, so as all they could do was to clap *Don Gusman* into the Closet out of which *Blanche* had come in such hast to inquire whether *Don Diego* was kill'd or not: The Master of the House, whose Eyes were become Heteroclitics, and who saw no body but his Daughter at his first coming in, ask'd her in a very Magisterial tone, what was the reason that door was
open

open which he had order'd so strictly to be constantly kept shut : *Elvira*, (who was as well provided with wit as any *Elvira* of her age) took the answer out of *Blanches* mouth, and the waspish old Man, that being upon a visit behind her Lodgings, and being desirous not to come so near, without waiting upon *Mademoiselle de Benevent*, his Daughter, and assuring her of her most humble respects, she had sent to intreat that to prevent the trouble of going about, she would give her leave to come to her by that door which was but just over the way, but that she was possess'd with a sensible regret for the liberty she had taken, seeing it had given him a displeasure. The good old Man overjoy'd with the honour she had done his Daughter in giving her that visit, and ashamed of the passion he brought along with him when he came in, he beg'd *Elvira's* pardon, and to excuse himself the better, he told her, he had had a certain troublesome infirmity upon him these three or four dayes, which had put him out of order, and was the cause of the undecency he had committed : His apology being done and accepted, the

old Man began to be sweet upon *Elvira*, and to rebuke his Daughter that she had not carried her into her Closet, which was the coolest place in the whole house, and then presented her with his hand to have convey'd her thither; but *Elvira* (who was alwayes very ready at a pinch) told him, that they were but just come out of it as he came in, and that having other visits to make she had not been there now, had not the Civility, and Ceremonies of *Mademoiselle* (his Daughter) who would needs wait upon her down, required her to spend some time in preventing that trouble: Hold then Daughter, since Madam commands it, replies the old Grey-beard, and stay where you are, I will do that Service which she will not receive from you, and waite upon her to the first visit she makes. *Elvira* made some difficulty to permit him, but *Blanche* as she was kissing her on both Cheeks, that she might take her leave according to Art, clapt her Mouth to her Ear, and desir'd her to accept of her Fathers proposition, that whilst he was absent, she might have opportunity to dismiss *Don Gusman* securely!

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In this very interim *Don Diego*, who after the authentick explication which *Don Luis* had made him, had no further occasion to be jealous, repented himself heartily of his impertinences, and had an insatiable desire to see *Blanche* to conjure her to forget them) and to assure her that if she would forgive him that one time, he would be sure never to offend her for the future : Upon this resolution he walk'd in great hast to *Don Benevent's* house, and was walking thereby when he came out with *Elvira* : The penitent Paramour having so fair an opportunity presented of throwing himself for pardon at his Mistresses feet, and not knowing certainly when he should have such another, concludes not to lose this : *Blanche* had order'd *Beatrice* to take *Don Gusman* out of his Imprisonment, and to convey him away, whilst she look'd out at the Window to see if no body saw them, when *Don Diego* entring suddainly into her Chamber, put off the execution of that order, which the obedient Handmaid readily undertaken : The first thing the mortified Cavalier did, was to fall down upon his Knees, and embracing

of *Blanches*, to protest he would never let them go out of his hands, till she had pardon'd whatever his jealousy had provok'd him to say against the person whom he was obliged to love more than all the rest of the Sex, and effectually he did so. I do pardon you reply'd *Blanche*, in some disturbance, but I beseech you begon: My Father who has commanded me not to admit you here, is just a coming up, and if he find you, he will never pardon me whilst he lives. I met him Madam, reply'd *Don Diego* conducting a Lady, which doubtless he cannot leave in so little time, you may have more time than to tell me you pardon me, if you please to make use of it, and I also shall have sufficient to give you thanks for any favour you shall think good to vouchsafe me. I have told you so once, reply'd *Blanche*, and if that will satisfy you, I'll tell you so again, I do pardon you, but I pray you begon, your presence gives me a disquiet that I beg you to deliver me from, and and to persuade you to it by something more obliging than my Prayer, I shall take it for a kindness, and think my self behold-

beholding to you when it is done. You do not pardon me Madam from your heart reply'd the perplex'd *Spaniard*, I have offended you too much, to be forgiven so soon, and to remit so many injuries so easily, is not so much a sign of your goodness, as your indifference: 'Tis with all my heart I forgive you, reply'd *Blanche*, who began to be mad he would not stir, 'tis with all my heart I forgive you: but once more let me desire you to be gone, if you think you have not hitherto merited the pardon I have given you, at least merit it now, by granting my request, I am so far from being indifferent as you think me, I do assure you, you never were more dear to me than at this present, and that I may leave you nothing to reply to me now, let me remember you that whatever offences you have committed in relation to me, to believe I do not pardon and forget them, is to do me new injury, and will more hardly be pardon'd: 'Tis true, reply'd her most humble, and most disobedient Servant, I cannot without offending you refuse to believe whatever in your great goodness you have told me, I never was so weak but

I believ'd that time would bring it about and make me sensible I was mistaken: and since you have assured me I am not culpable in your opinion; I am as well perswaded as is possible: But Madam, continued the troublesome and troubled Orator, all that you have done for me hitherto is nothing, if you do not add one more to the number: *Don Ruiz* with whom I was this day to have fought, denies me the honour of being your Servant, and having refer'd our controversie to our friends, we are concluded by them, to stand to your election, and as soon as you have pronounc'd Sentence, the unfortunate person which is to lose you, is oblig'd to submit without any complaint, and now the brutish manner in which I have used you, makes me (not unreasonably) apprehend I shall be the Cast-away: Oh Good God, reply'd *Blanche*, fear nothing, unless it be that I should turn you out by Head and Shoulders, for not departing when I intreated you: I will pass my word I will choose you before *Don Ruiz*, if you will do me but the favour to trouble me no more now; but on the other side to be reveng'd for the disquiet you have given
given

given me, I revoke the pardon I have given you so kindly, if you get you not gone this very moment. Good Lord Madam, how impatient is your Ladiship, reply'd *Don Diego*, certainly you must have some extraordinary aversion to me, if my presence gives you such trouble: Suffer I beseech you for some little time that I may endeavour to find the way to your heart by looking upon your fair Eyes, if your Father should come, I know well enough how to conceal my self from him, for since the time the private door was favourable to me, I know the way to get off without being discovered. I would not have put you away in such haste, if I could have past you that way, reply'd the patient *Blanche* (and yet for all her great patience she could not forbear stamping with her feet upon the Plancher as the Devil had been in her, nay and it is credibly reported she swore now and then two or three desperate Oaths to her self) but my Father (who is jealous of my affection for you) has taken away the Key, and if he should come up, it were not possible for you to escape him: Is it possible-----reply'd the man

in the whole world for having his answers ready, but he was glad to knock off for that time, and to reply no further, for *Beatrice*, who was all the while upon the Guard at a Window which look'd into the Court, had left her Post, and was run violently into the Chamber to give her Mistress notice her Father was coming up: *Don Diego*, seeing his Mistress very much a'arm'd, and not knowing the cause she had to be so, thought he should do her good service, to slip into the Closet where *Don Gusman* lay snug. *Blanche* who had her reasons to hinder his going in thither, stop't him by the arm, and told him it was there her Father did usually retire when he came out of the Town, as being the coolest part of her appartement, but by misfortune the jealous *Don Diego* had already half open'd the Door, and *Don Gusman* not having had time to dispose himself to the best advantage, had thrown himself upon a little Satin bed, on which *Blanche* herself did sometimes repose, but it seem'd had not order'd his affairs so, but *Don Diego* perceiv'd a good lusty Leg hanging down, which he had no reason to believe

lieve was there alone. Ungrateful wretch that thou art, cry'd he to *Blanche* now I see what it was made you so impatient of my Company : I will say no more now, because I am forc'd to begon, but if I had as little Honour in me as you, I should let your Father know how things are carried in his house : *Blanche* gave him not one word of answer, and she did very well : for besides that she had other fish to fry, it had been an answer thrown away, for her Gallant being naturally lasty, left her as soon as the words were out of his mouth, and was by *Beatrice* convey'd into a Chamber two Stories high, where he remain'd alone till Old *Benevent* was gone out of the Chamber from his Daughter.

The old Man was no sooner gone, but *Beatrice* went to give him notice he might march if he pleas'd, for the Count was in a Chamber which look'd towards the Garden, discoursing with his Daughter, and that the occasion was as favourable as he could wish, to make his retreat, *Don Diego* took her advice, and made such last down the Stairs, that two or three times
he

he was in a fair way to have broken his Neck, but *Beatrix*, (who was not so hot upon another world) follow'd him so gently, that she ran no hazard at all, to see what became of him, she stay'd for some time before the principal gate, but perceiving nothing, she concluded he was gone, and in that opinion, she made much more hast up than she had done down, and went immediately to *Don Gusman*, who began to be impatient in his Closet, from whence 'tis possible he would have made his escape before that, had he not been unwilling to disoblige the friend of his Mistress, and the Mistress of his friend, (for the Dialogues he had been forc'd to hear, assured him he was in the house of *Blanche de Pimentel*) *Beatrix* intreated *Don Gusman* to follow her, and *Don Gusman* very civilly did as she desired, waiting upon her with his hand upon his Sword for fear of the worst, but he might have spared that pains, for from the Closet to the Street, they saw not a man but the Count de Benevents Porter who finding him in that posture, bad him peaceably good night: Whilst *Beatrix* was acting her part very subtilly, and hug'd her self
in

in this, that she knew other things besides whipping of Cream, and dressing her Mistresses head, the distrustful *Don Diego*, (who was not gone as she imagin'd, but had got new designs in his head, and continued his jealousy to the last) was no sooner got down the Stairs, but he wheel'd about to see what he could discover; that which he had seen himself, perswaded him that *Blanche* was still a Cheat, and that she had said what was false, when she pretended her Father had the Key of the back door, and not doubting but it was that way by which the Gallant (whose leg he had spy'd) was to make his escape, he tumbled down the Stairs on purpose, that *Beatrix* might not see which way he went, and then turning at a little dark passage by a Kitchen that was underground, he convey'd himself secretly to the bottom of the private Stairs, by which he conjectur'd his Rival was to come down: He put himself into a posture to receive him, and waited in hopes to have had the pleasure of surprizing him as he came by, but their designs being different, their resolutions were so likewise. When he perceiv'd
his

his pretended Rival came not down so soon as he expected, he stole softly up the Stairs to the door of *Blanches* Chamber, to listen if he could hear any thing : but that design being lost, he lifted up an end of the Hangings very gently, and peep in with one Eye to see if any body were there, perceiving nothing, he ventur'd in with both, and afterwards thrust in his Head, and by degrees his whole body, till at last he came to the very Closet where he had seen the Leg : He ferreted up and down every where, and *Beatrice*, who had convey'd away *Don Gusman* was not as yet return'd to give an account to her Mistress of the Service she had done, when *Blanche* (having satisfied her Father in several demands) making some excuse or other to leave him, went directly to the Closet where *Don Diego* was, intending to make a visit to *Elvira's* Gallant, if he were not gone before she came. The door being half open, she perceiv'd a man, and not imagining but it must be he, she call'd out to him in these words, *Don Gusman* I beseech you be gone or I am undone : the jealous *Don Diego*-----she lifted up her Eyes just

as she pronounc'd his name, which he perceiving, Alas Madam, reply'd he (with a coldness incomparably more malignant, than all the heats he had ever been in) what have you to say of your jealous *Don Diego*? It is true he has done you very great injury to suspect so pure a fidelity as yours, and you are doubtless very obliging to have so much kindness for a person that deserves it so little: *Blanche*, who found it no small trouble to recollect herself from such a surprize, was a considerable time before she could give him a word; and God knows what interpretation *Don Diego* put upon her silence; When she had recover'd the faculty of speaking, he lost the use of his Ears, and was a full quarter of an hour before he could hear one word that she said: But that that quarter of an hour might not be lost, he imploy'd it in calling her ungrateful, unconstant, perfidious, and thought himself much a Gentleman for saying no worse; At the noise of his ill Language, the Count *de Benevent* (who of all his senses had none in such perfection as his hearing) got as near as he could without stirring out of the

P Chamber

Chamber where he was, and clapping his Ear to the Door, he listned if he could hear what it was they talk'd of in so high a Tone. The first thing he distinguish'd from the Ambuscade in which he had plac'd himself, was, a request *Blanche* made to *Don Diego*, not to speak so loud, unless he had a mind to ruine her inevitably, if by accident her Father (who was but in the next Room) should hear his Discourse. The little malicious Count, who was apt enough of himself to take fire, could not have patience any longer: The request his Daughter made so earnestly to a person he did not see, (but had reason to believe none of the best) to speak low, least he should know how things were carried betwixt them, made him suppose her honour was at stake, and that the noise she made was because she could not escape: upon this consideration, he took his Sword in his hand, and marcht out against the Enemy, and he was much confirm'd in his opinion when he saw *Don Diego* with her, whom but the Night before he had forbidden his House, not doubting but to revenge the affront he had done him, he was a person
that

that would return a greater than he had receiv'd, and in a much more ticklish part. As soon as he came near them he cryed out, Have I not told you Traytor that if ever you came into my house again, you should never go out as perfect as you came in, I am now come to let you see how punctual I am to my word; and for you Lady, said he, turning to *Blanche*, do not you look to escape any better, when I have satisfied my vengeance upon him, I know well enough how to do it upon you, and with your blood to wash off the affront I have receiv'd. *Don Diego*, who in matters of Valour or Bravery was never at a loss, and who in the passion he was in would have dispatcht a whole dozen of Counts, drew his Sword, only to parry and defend himself against the efforts of the bloody minded Count, and still as he defended himself he retreated, as far as the old Count thought convenient to follow: When they were at the bottom of the Stairs, the old Gentleman who wish'd himself forty years younger for his sake, call'd out for help, but press'd the young Gallant still more and more, who receiv'd faster than he had done, for fear they

should shut the Gate upon him, and keep him in : But instead of shutting the Gate upon him, the Count *de Benevent's* Porter (who was a *Swiss*) no sooner saw Swords drawn, but he threw down his Halbert, and run as fast as he could into his Lodge, where he barricado'd himself up so artificially, there was no coming at him without a Petard: Whilst the Count *de Benevent* was in pursuit of *Don Diego*, *Beatrice*, (a Lass of a most admirable quick sight) having found the Key of the back door, which her Master after he had waited upon *Elvira*, had thrown upon a Table, because the weight was too troublesome for his Pocket, she gave notice of it to *Blanche*, who without more ado prevented the return of her Father, knowing his humour to be such, that however things might be accommodated with *Don Diego*, he would be sure to keep his word with her, and being defended with a very large Vavle, (for being a *Spaniard* she must of necessity have one) she stole out of the back door with her Maid *Beatrice* who had so luckily discover'd the Key. They made all the hast they could possibly to get to *Don Ruiz's* Lodgings, where

where *Blanche* suppos'd to find *Elvira*, designed to give her an account of her misfortunes, and to desire all the assistance she could afford, in so considerable an Exigence; but when *Elvira* left her, she went to make other visits, and the rattling Gossip was not return'd. Considering with herself very solemnly what was to be done, it came into her head that *Don Gusman* had his appartement in the same house, and not knowing what to do with herself, she demanded if he were within, being answer'd, he was, up she goes immediately and surprizes him: That she might not trifle away any moments of her time, which it concern'd her to employ to the best advantage, she told him the adventure which had befallen her, with all the concomitant circumstances, and how she had found *Don Diego* in her Closet in his place, and how she had accosted him in her mistake. When she had done her Narration she conjur'd him to go and inquire what was become of her Father, whether he had wounded *Don Diego*, or *Don Diego* him, and what else had happen'd since she made her escape: And whilst you do me this kind-

ness (continued *Blanche*) I will send my Maid *Beatrix* to an Aunt I have (who is my Fathers own Sister) to secure a retreat for me, and to be responsible for my Conversation, till my Fathers passion be over: and because it is likely you will be back again before *Beatrix*, and it is of great importance to me, not to be discover'd in a Mans Chamber, you will oblige me to take the Key of this Chamber along with you, that I may not be put to answer every body that comes, and that when I hear the Door open, I may be certain it is you: *Don Gusman* was a brave Fellow, (as I have, or ought to have told you) and much concern'd that he should be the occasion of such misfortune to so virtuous a Lady, to expiate therefore by strength of services, the injury he had done her by chance, he lock'd up *Blanche* according to her desire, and away in Quest of *Don Diego* who having disingaged himself from old *Benevent*, was got up into his Chamber, where he was walking up and down the Room with very large steps, to the great advantage of his Soul, for being in an ungovernable passion, he swore a great Oath at every
step

step he took, and therefore if his steps had been shorter, his Oaths had been more, and if they had been multiply'd, God knows what would have become of his Soul. As soon as he saw *Don Gusman*, an excess of Choller, or rather a Drachm of extravagance made him clap his hand upon his Sword: *Don Gusman* perceiv'd it and told him, it was to no purpose, he might put it up again if he pleas'd, for when he fought, it should be in the field; having cool'd himself a little, and coming by degrees to a condition of hearing him patiently, he remonstrated to him how unhandisomly he had dealt by a Lady which had the love and admiration of all honourable persons within the Kingdom of *Castile*, and one who could not give better evidence of her fidelity, than in loving him still, in spite of all he had done to provoke her to hate him; he told him afterwards that he had been at *Blanches* house, but without knowing whether he went, he told him the name of the person that carried him, upon what design he was sent for, for what reason he was hid in the Closer, and accompanied every thing he said with so many Oaths

that he never saw *Blanche* before that day, and that then he had not known who she was, but by his asking her pardon, that notwithstanding his jealousy, *Don Diego* (being convinc'd of the fidelity of his Mistress, (not so much by *Don Gusman's* allegations, though they were plausible enough, as by a certain Devil that hovers about a mans heart when he is accus'd of any thing boldly) confess'd he was Mad, that if *Blanche* were sensible of what he had done, her hate was the least he could expect, and if she should please to honour him with that, it would be too great a favour, for he was not so much as worthy of her anger. *Don Gusman* seeing him so reasonable in so short a time, and fallen from so great ferocity, to so gentle a calmness, he distrusts his conversion, and suspected his remorse was but hypocritical, and his contrition dissembled. But perceiving by what follow'd that he spake from his heart, and that he repented sincerely of the follies he had committed, he told him, that *Blanche* (not having found *Elvira* at home, with whom she intended to have sheltered her self till night) had done him the honour to repose her self in

in his Chamber till she return'd, and counsel'd him to get some person or other who had influence upon the Count *de Be-nevent*, to speak to him as soon as was possible, and to undeceive him, if they found him suspicious of any particular kindness betwixt them: *Don Diego* after some useless *mea-Culpa's* or accusations of himself, took *Don Gusman's* Counsel, and went immediately to a friend of the Counts, to desire his intercession in his behalf, and *Don Gusman* return'd to *Blanche*, who, to excuse the Extravagance of her Servant, scarce had patience to stay till she was askt, and by consequence forgave all upon the first hint of his penitence.

Elvira, who was return'd from her Visits, whilst *Don Gusman* was giving an account to *Blanche* of what he had done, understanding that he was gone up, and that her Brother *Don Ruiz* was not as yet come home, she resolv'd to try whether it was possible to shake the fidelity which *Don Gusman* had promis'd to her, and whether the unknown Lady who had made an impression so easily in his heart, was as yet quite out of his memory: She call'd in all haste for the same habit in which she had

had appear'd at the first Rendezvous, and taking her Vayle from *Iacinta* she commanded her not to follow, lest her Company should contribute to her being discovered: When *Iacinta* had dress'd her as she directed, she look'd about to see if any body observ'd her, and then crossing a little Alley which ran by the bottom of the stairs up to the Cavaliers appartement with whom she desired to speak, she found *Mandocce* waiting at his Chamber door, who would not suffer her to enter, till he had given his Master notice who was to speak with him: *Blanche* had no mind to be taken there, and therefore stept into a Closer which stood open, and put the Door too when she was in: *Don Gusman* believing her safe, gave order that the Lady which made that unreasonable Visit, should be brought in: You see Sir, said the Roguish *Elvira* as she enter'd, counterfeiting another voice for fear she should be discover'd, I am punctual to my word: The last time I parted from you, I promis'd you you should see me here, when you expected it least, and I could not any longer deprive you of that happiness, my Company is accustomed to give you. But
 how

how comes it to pass you seem to be surprized, and startle at the sight of me? Does my presence molest you? and do you receive it at favour so coldly, which I am almost asham'd to have given? *Don Gusman*, who till that very time could not get it out of his mind but that *Blanche de Pimentel*, and the unknown Lady were the same thing, began then to find he was mistaken. In the mean time being passionately in love with *Elvira*, the fear he was in least his visible Mistress should suspect him of inconstancy, if she should perceive the least commerce betwixt him and the invisible object, which she had many times cast in his dish, made him swallow all; True it is Madam, reply'd he, you did promise me the honour of your Company, and your promise obliged me exceedingly when you had the goodness to make it, but the fear I have lest you should be found in my Chamber by any body, makes me look upon you with some kind of trouble, and if you have a mind to engage me eternally, deprive me of that honour, which I confess I am not worthy to receive. *Elvira*, who desired no better entertainment, and was well enough pleas'd

pleas'd to be mistaken in the disguise she was in, pretended however to be offended, and told *Don Gusman* when she went out, that since her Company was so troublesome to him, she would have a care how she did him so much honour for the future. This said, she made him a Courtlie, and away she went the most contented Woman in the world, and she did no little pleasure to *Don Gusman*; but the mischief-vic, *Beatrice* who loved *Don Ruiz*, for the presents he had made her, having met him as she went to her Mistress's Aunt, she told him not only the misfortune was happen'd to *Blanche*, but that she was at that time in *Don Gusman's* Chamber, where he arriv'd just as *Elvira* was going down the Stairs, as soon as she saw him, she ran up again in all haste, and would have lain hid her self in the Closet, where *Blanche* was before her, but she perceiving her design, thrust the Door against her Nose, and batter'd it exceedingly, upon which she suspected it was some ill Woman *Don Gusman* had then up in his Closet to conceal her from her, and concluded it was for love of that Woman, he was so desirous to be rid of her.

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Don Ruiz entring into the Chamber almost as soon as *Elvira*, and seeing her run back, as far as she had discover'd him, could not believe but it was *Blanche* who had shun'd him so earnestly. Whence is it I beseech you Madam, said he, that you avoid me with so much precipitation? How can you be afraid of a Lover who never encountred your severities, but with obsequiousness and respect, and who upon the news of your misfortunes, has been looking you with no other design but to tender you the utmost service he is able to perform? To all these sweet words, *Elvira* (who *Don Ruiz* suppos'd to be *Blanche*) answer'd not at all, and she had very good reason for what she did. And *Don Gusman*, who was not in the least distraction of the whole Company, seeing *Don Ruiz's* mistake, he ask'd him to whom he did believe he was speaking: I believe I speak to *Blanche de Pimentel*, reply'd *Don Ruiz*, who having fled from the house of the Count *de Benevent* her Father, came hither for sanctuary to my Sister, and not finding her at home, is retired hither to you: I cannot tell, reply'd *Don Gusman* (who could not in honour discover where
Blanche

Blanche was) who has instructed you in what you have told me, but this I can assure you, you are very much mistaken; The Lady you see is so far from being *Blanche de Pimentel*, that she is absolutely unknown to you, and though your Mistress should not find your Sister at home, it is scarce probable she would have betaken herself to the Chamber of a man, she had never spoke to in her life; Ha, *Don Gusman*, reply'd the Brother of *Elvira* (with a tone would have wrought pity in a Flint) you are too much my Friend to make a mysterie of a thing of which I am so well informed, unless the ingratel person (whom I could never work to any compassion for me) had desired you; she would not have conceal'd her self as she does, if in my place *Don Diego* had come to have assured her of his Service; nor is this refusal of hers to vouchsafe me one word, the first piece of unkindness she has shown me. *Don Gusman*, who perceiv'd the contest like to be tedious, and had a mind to rid himself of *Don Ruiz*, before *Don Diego* should come, he took him aside and told him this was the unknown Lady, whose History he had told him

him before, and desired him not to do him so great an affront, as to enquire after her any farther. If what you say be true, reply'd *Don Ruis* aloud, and the person I see be none of *Blanche de Pimentel*, let her tell me so her self, and I'll be satisfied, I desire not to see her, because she desires not to be seen, but a word is not long in speaking; and whatever be the consequence, I am resolv'd not to leave her, till I have my dismissal from her own mouth: when *Don Ruis* had express'd himself in that manner, and seem'd utterly untractable to the contrary, *Don Gusman* apply'd himself to the unknown Lady, and conjured her not to deny him the favour of her voice. Two words speaking to *Don Ruis*, Madam, said *Don Gusman* as gently as he could, can not discover you to him, and will deliver us from his Company; I dare not tell you what I apprehend both in your behalf, and my own, if you be found in my Chamber; stay not I beseech you for the mischief I foresee, seeing it is now in your power with one word to make your own retreat, and rescue me from the disquiet that is upon me. See if I can rescue you from
your

your disquiet, said *Elvira*, who having her back to *Don Ruiz*, lifted up her Vayle and shew *Don Gusman* her face, who was infinitely surprized : Conceal your self again Madam, reply'd *Don Gusman*, and stand firm to your resolution of neither being seen nor speaking : I stay for *Don Diego* who is to come nither for *Blanche* who is in that Closet, by whom you shall be attended in stead of her, as soon as your Brother is gone out : *Don Gusman* went back to *Don Ruiz*, and told him he could not prevail with the person he took for *Blanche de Pimentel*, to speak to him so much as one word ; when *Don Diego* who enter'd into the appartement where they were, and who was the cause of all this disorder, augmented it very much by his appearance. Most obliging Enemy said he as soon as he saw *Don Gusman*, I have stay'd longer than I intended ; *Blanche*, to whom your appartement has been as an *Asylum*, and who already has had so much reason to abhor me, will be more angry without doubt : but she will pardon me perhaps when she understands that by your Order I have been with all my Friends I could think of, who had any
influence

influence upon the Count *de Benevent*, to desire their intercession in my behalf, and I hope-----It is very well *Don Gusman*, said *Don Ruis*, interrupting him, whom *Don Diego* did not see before, and will you still affirm that this Lady in the Vayle is not *Blanche de Pimentel*, and can you easily defend your self from the falsehood you are guilty of in relation to me? It is I that ought to be offended to find you here, reply'd *Don Diego*: *Don Gusman* who promis'd me the utmost of his service has not dealt with me like a Gentleman, to give your endeavours this opportunity of corrupting in my absence the person which hath captivated both of us: and seeing the future happiness of our lives depends upon her election, it is not fair, nor to be permitted in justice, that you should have this liberty to prepossess her, and to preperswade her to make choice of you. *Don Gusman*, who was passionately in love with *Elvira*, and was more ambitious of serving her, than *Blanche de Pimentel*, reply'd to *Don Diego*, that he had no reason to complain of him, that he was so far from promoting the interest of *Don Ruis*, to his prejudice, that for an

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hour

hour together he had assured him that the person there present was not *Blanche de Pimentel* as he did imagine. But since you are come, continued *Don Gusman*, there is no need of driving on the mysterie any further, here is *Blanche de Pimentel* her self, and if you please to take her away with you, take her, I'll deliver her into your hands, for I have had it from her own mouth, you are the person she desires to choose. The true *Blanche*, who in the Closet where she was, heard all that was spoken of her, and who knew *Don Diego* by his voice, peep't out at the Door which she had open'd a little, to see how things pass'd; *Don Diego* had already taken *Elvira* by the hand, who for fear of being discover'd durst neither Cough nor Sneize, and dispos'd himself to walk away with her, but *Don Luis* resisted it. In spite of all you can do, said he to *Don Diego*, *Blanche* shall not stir one step out of this Room whilst I am alive, till I have it from her self that it is you she is pleas'd to prefer. *Don Gusman*, whom I believed to be my friend, has not given me sufficient testimonies of it, to refer it to him: I will stand to the conditions

ditions agreed, but to be short I cannot be satisfied she has made choice of you, till she has told me so her self. If it rests upon that, reply'd *Blanche*, who threw up her Vayle, and came out of the Closet where she had been all the while, you need doubt it no longer; if my respect and esteem will be acceptable to you, I do promise it withall my heart, but to love you is impossible for me: reserve your affections for some other person more worthy, and who will imbrace them with a better return, and do not take it ill that I have been so frank as to tell you so, seeing it was your own importunity that constrain'd me. *Don Luis*, *Don Diego*, *Elvira*, and *Don Gusman* were all four of them surprized at the apparition of the true *Blanche*; *Don Luis*, and *Don Diego*, to see her come forth of a place in which they never suspected her to be, and the two other for the trick she had put upon them: He that recollected himself first from his astonishment, was *Don Luis*, who seeing *Blanche* had made choice of his Rival, disputed it no farther, but suffer'd her to give him her hand, and wait upon her whether she pleased.

Don Diego, and *Blanche* had scarce taken their leaves; when in the Chamber where *Don Ruis*, *Elvira*, and *Don Gusman* were remaining, a great noise was heard upon the Stairs by which they were to go down, *Don Ruis*, *Don Gusman*, and *Mandocce* ran out to see what was the matter, and left *Elvira* alone, who betook herself to the Closet from whence *Blanche* was newly come out, and shut the Door to her, with resolution not to discover herself till her Brother was further off. She had not been there a minute, but *Blanche* and *Mandocce* came running in great hast into the Chamber she had forsaken, *Blanche*, because she had met her Father, and *Mandocce*, because he had seen Swords drawn, to which he was alwayes a profess'd Enemy. *Blanche* would fain have got to her old post in the Closer, but she found the Door shut, and was forc'd to be contented with a by Corner which *Mandocce* show'd her, and which was so well cover'd by the Hangings, they could not easily perceive her: She had no sooner hid her self, but *Don Diego*, *Don Gusman*, *Don Ruis*, the Count de Benevent, an Officer, and several Archers, with their
naked

naked Swords in their hands, enter'd into the Chamber where *Mandocce* was alone, who as soon as he saw them, thought it his best play to run under the Bed. The Count *de Benewent* who had lay'd his Spies up and down, to inquire what was become of *Don Diego*, having been inform'd that he was with *Don Gusman*, with all speed march'd away thither, accompanied with the Officer, and so many of the Guards, to seize upon him, and clap him in Prison, in case he refus'd to Marry his Daughter, but when *Don Diego* was satisfied of his intentions, there was no need of compulsion to bring him to that which he so passionately desired of himself. *Don Diego*, and his pretended Father in Law being agreed, the only question betwixt them was what was become of *Blanche*. *Don Gusman* call'd *Mandocce* and demanded where she was, but *Mandocce*, who knew her not, ask'd him who it was he would speak with, and because he would be sure, he told him, one was in the Closet, and the other behind the Hangings. The true *Blanche* having been along time before in the Closet, *Don Gusman* imagin'd she had got thither

ther again, and went to the Door to tell the person which was within, she might come forth with security, that the passion she had for her Servant, need no longer be conceal'd, for he whom she most apprehended, had consented to the Marriage : *Elvira* who knew *Don Gusman's* voice, presum'd he had ask'd her Brothers consent, and that he had thought it unfit to deny her to so gallant a person : Well then, said she opening the Door of the Closet where she had hid her self, if the person I apprehended most, consents I should Marry you, what necessity is there of my Vayle, I will come forth, throw away my disguise, thank him for his good nature, and beg his pardon that my inclination attended not his choice.

Elvira's Brother was more amazed to see her come out of *Don Gusman's* Closet, then he had been to see *Blanche* before : The affront which he suppos'd *Elvira* had done him, added to his disgust, that *Blanche* had rejected him, and put him into so furious an anger, he drew his Sword and would have run his Sister thorow, but the Company that were present, interpos'd and prevented it : Hereupon *Don*
Gusman

Gusman threw himself at *Don Ruis* his feet, and protested there was nothing had ever past betwixt him and his Sister, that the most severe virtue in the world could any wayes disapprove : That he was really most passionately in love with her, and did not believe she had any malice for him, that if he would make him the happiest man upon earth, he conjured him to consent he should Marry her, by which means they should be more strictly united, then as yet they were. *Don Diego*, and the Count *de Benevent*, joyn'd their intreaties to his, and *Don Ruis*, who knew no match more advantagious for his Sister, suffer'd them not to importune too long for his consent, to a thing he was desirous of himself. After that was granted, *Blanche* came to ask pardon of her Father, as *Elvira* had done to her Brother, and four or five dayes after each of them was Married to her Mate ; *Don Diego de Stuniga*, the Proprietor of *Blanche* (whom he thought once in his Conscience he should have lost) gave over being jealous : and took so much pleasure in getting new *Stuniga's*, (whilst on the other side the Husband of *Elvira* was

as busie about young *Gusmans de Haro*
 that their posterity is continued to this
 day, and holds a very considerable Rank
 in the Kingdom of *Spain*.

E I X I S.

